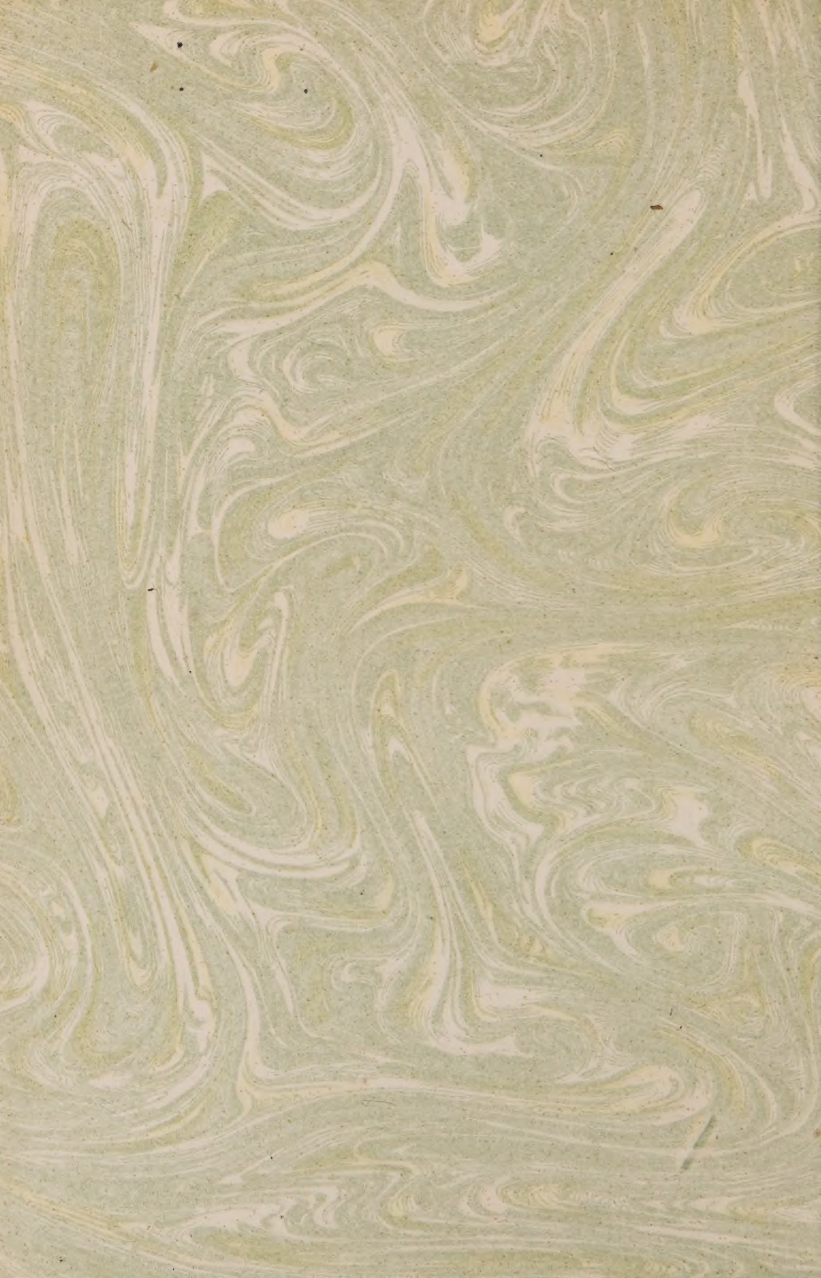
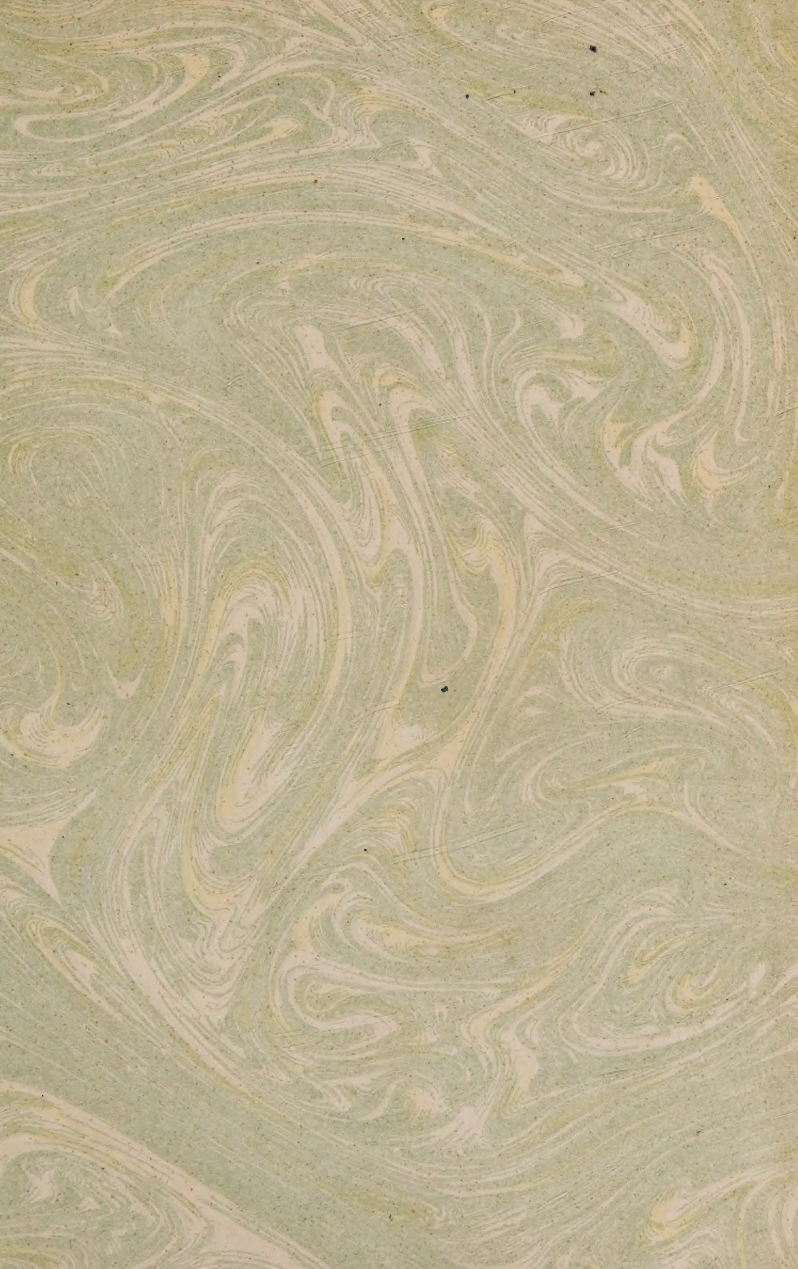
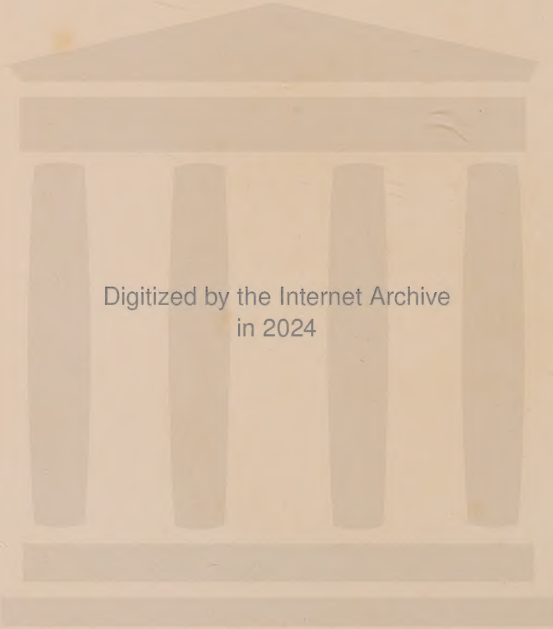


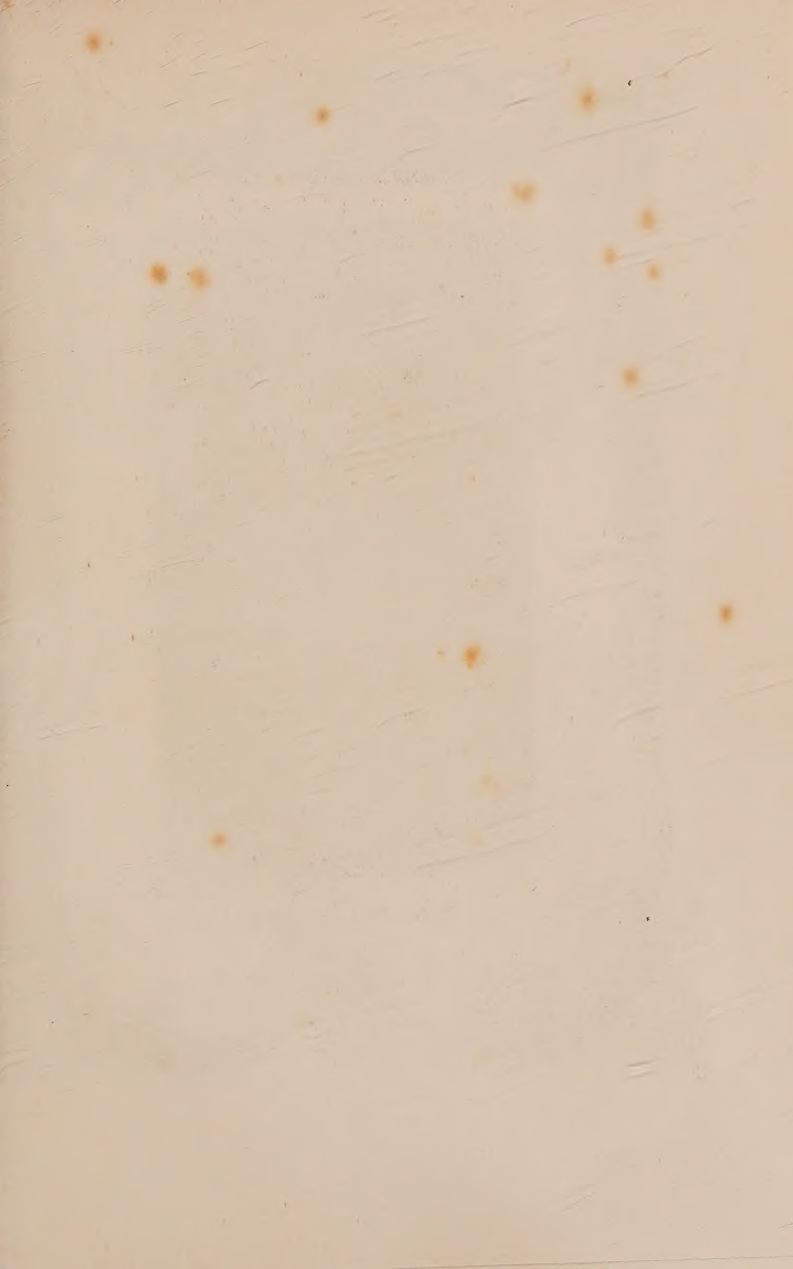








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HOLMAN HUNT. O. M. PINXT.

Claudio and Isabella.

SHAKESPEARE

MEASURE, FOR
MEASURE



1908

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION	9
TEXT OF PLAY	17
NOTES	151
GLOSSARY	156

INTRODUCTION

BY

F. J. FURNIVALL, M.A., Ph.D., D.Litt.

ASSISTED BY JOHN MUNRO

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.—*Measure for Measure* follows *Hamlet* in sequence, and in it we turn from the Baltic shore to the inland city of Vienna, that city where Tennyson's friend Arthur Hallam died, that city which is still notorious for the social evil which Shakspere brings under our notice, where the loss of woman's honour is treated as a mere *malheur*, mishap, unlucky accident,¹ and which is therefore the fit city for this play that follows *Hamlet*, where the cloud of the young prince's mother's lust hung like a pall over his life, and the incest of the "beast, that wants discourse of reason" poisond his faith in women, and ruind his young love. On the stifling air of this drama, as contrasted with earlier ones, hear Mr. W. Watkiss Lloyd:—"We never through-

¹ I speak on the authority of some college friends who were students there, of an article in the *Daily News* a few years back, written by a long-dweller in Vienna (in which the *malheur* was specially referred to), and of later visitors to the city. See W. Beatty-Kingston's *Music and Manners* (1887), ii. 16-18: "It is difficult to convey to English readers, in terms that will not offend them, an idea of the deplorable laxity, so far as private morals are concerned, prevailing in the liveliest and loosest of capitals. People put their dishonour in their pockets, and live on happily as if nothing had occurred to disturb their equanimity."

Introduction

out this play get into the free, open, joyous atmosphere so invigorating in other works of Shakspeare: the oppressive gloom of the prison, the foul breath of the brothel, are only exchanged for the chilly damp of conventual walls, or the oppressive retirement of the monastery, where friars are curious as to the motives of ducal seclusion, and are ready to intimate that a petticoat is concerned in the secret." Yet though we have this "night's black curtain" over the play;¹ though woman's and man's incontinence match, to some extent, the queen's and Claudius's in *Hamlet*; though Claudio in his weak fear of death, like Hamlet, fails to do his duty; yet here, beside, in intentional contrast to the lust and weak will of woman and man, rises, like the moon in its pure beauty, like the lightning-flash in its white wrath, the noble figure of Isabella, Shakspeare's first wholly Christian woman, steadfast and true as Portia, Brutus's wife, pure as Lucrece's soul, merciful above Portia, Bassanio's bride, in that she prays for forgiveness for her foe, not her friend; with an unyielding will, a martyr's spirit above Helena's of *All's Well*, the highest type of woman that Shakspeare has yet drawn. (How is *she* to have the mere charm and tenderness of the ordinary woman?)

In these points, then, I find that *Measure for Measure* is rightly made to follow *Hamlet* immediately, and not *All's Well*, though assuredly with the latter play it has much in common. Note, too, how *Measure*

¹ The play was probably written during the plague of 1603 in London, in which 30,578 souls died. (Stowe.) See *Shakespeare's Life and Work* in this edition.

Introduction

for Measure carries on the *Hamlet* reflections on Death and Life. Compare *Hamlet*, III. i. p. 108, "to die, to sleep," &c., with Claudio's "ay, but to die, and go we know not where;" Hamlet's dread of something after death, with Isabella's "the sense of death is most in apprehension." Again, Hamlet's "insolence of office," &c., with Isabella's "every pelting, petty officer would use his heaven for thunder." Hamlet's "Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny" is like the Duke's "backwounding calumny the whitest virtue strikes." The like names Claudio and Claudius occur; and Claudius's pathetic speech, "my words fly up, my thoughts remain below," is like Angelo's "Heaven hath my empty words, . . . heaven in my mouth, . . . and in my heart the strong and swelling evil of my conception." While Lucio's "our doubts are traitors," &c., preach the moral of the play of *Hamlet*. Further, Hamlet's "he took my father grossly full of bread," and Hamlet's desire to take his uncle when he is drunk, asleep, are like Barnardine's excuse for not dying here: he was, as the Duke says, "a creature unprepared, unmeet for death." Polonius seeing method in Hamlet's apparent madness, and Hamlet's telling his mother he could re-word his sentence, are just the Duke's,

"Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,
Such a dependency of thing on thing,
As e'er I heard in madness."

Of whom, too, but the forlorn Ophelia does the deserted Mariana remind us? Music pleased the woe

Introduction

of both of them. One always thinks of Tennyson's *Mariana in the Moated Grange* :—

“Is this the end, to be left alone, to live forgotten and die forlorn?”

And, like the echoes of *Romeo* in *Hamlet*, we have here a Claudio and a Juliet, secretly married, unable to proclaim their relation. The Duke saying, “That we were all, as some would seem to be, Free from our faults, as from faults seeming, free!” reminds one of Iago exclaiming, “Men should be what they seem;” and Isabella's words to Angelo about mercy, and her pleading, are like Portia's to Shylock.

With *All's Well*, too, the links are strong. The firm will and energy of Helena are like those of Isabella: her love, though she is deserted and detested, is won back by the same means as Mariana's; the substitution of Helena for Diana, as here of Mariana for Isabel. Again, the scene in court, the trial as it were before the Duke, and the exposure of Angelo, are like those of Bertram before the king in *All's Well*, just as Lucio's exposure is like Parolles's. The clown is a male Mrs. Quickly, though the scene with Escalus is like that of Dogberry and Verges before the Duke, and Gobbo and his son before Bassanio. Yet those who would put *Measure for Measure* next to *All's Well*, surely overlook the far deeper tone of the former play: its dealing with death and the future world, its weight of reflection, the analysis of Angelo's character, the working of conscience, the greater corruption dealt with, the higher saintliness shown in Isabella.

Introduction

Also, if we look at the name of the play, *Measure for Measure*, we shall see that Shakspeare's idea in it was, though with grim humour and ultimate relenting, to preach in Angelo and Lucio his Third-Period doctrine—an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, vengeance for weakness, yielding to temptation, and sin, though here the vengeance is but the poetical justice of marriage to the women whom the sinners have sinned with or abandoned. Intending nun as Isabella is, we must nevertheless look on her as no hard recluse, but as “Isabel, sweet Isabel,” with cheek-roses, gentle and fair. Yet she is “a thing enskied and sainted, an immortal spirit;” and this enables us to understand the conflict that must have gone on in her mind between her sisterly affection and her religious principles when pleading her brother's cause, and her acquiescence in Angelo's resolve that Claudio must die. Both times she needs Lucio's appeal before she'll again urge how much better mercy becomes the king and judge, than justice. Her unhappy words, “Hark! how I'll bribe you,” seem to have first brought out the evil in Angelo. “He tempts her through that which is uppermost in the noble woman, the passion for sacrifice. There is something splendid in the idea of periling the soul itself for the sake of another” (E. H. Hickey). Shakspeare's original, Whetstone, makes his heroine Cassandra give way to her brother's appeal:—

“My Andrugio, take comfort in distresse;
Cassandra is wonne, thy ransome greate to paye.”

But this was not Shakspeare's conception of Isabella.

Introduction

She believed that the son of her heroic father was noble like herself ; and when she found that he was willing to sacrifice her honour for his life, " her swift vindictive anger leapt like a white flame from her white spirit,"¹ and her indignant " take my defiance, die, perish," was her fit answer to her brother's base proposal. Yet she who would not stoop to wrong, dared for the sake of Mariana to bear the imputation of it. She had no care for the world's opinion, so that the deed appeared not foul in the truth of her spirit ; and as in *The Merry Wives* and *Much Ado*, her quick woman's wit took a righteous delight in circumventing a knave. We have another passionate outburst from her when she hears the false news that her brother has been executed. And then she takes her side by the Duke who loves her, to fight with him God's fight against the evil in that foul Vienna ; a far better post, heading Heaven's army in her land, than praying barren prayers in convent walls. She is the first of the three splendid women who illumine the dark Third Period : she, glorious for her purity and righteousness, Cordelia for her truth and filial love, Volumnia for her devotion to honour and her love of her native land. Perhaps we may add a fourth, Portia, Brutus's wife, for nobleness and wifely duty. But the highest of all is Isabella. For Angelo,² we may contrast him with Isabella, as Bertram with Helena, or Proteus with Julia ; he has to be emptied of his self-pride in seeming religion, as Bertram of his pride of birth ; but in judging Angelo

¹ See my late friend Mr. W. H. Pater's admirable Paper in *The Fortnightly Review*, 1874 or 1875.

² See W. Bagehot on him.

Introduction

"let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall." His is a terrible analysis of character, a self-revelation to any man who has striven for purity, has fancied himself safe, and in the hour of trial has failed. Claudio is, as Mr. Pater says, one of the flower-like young University men that abound at Oxford. To him, self-indulgent, life-loving, death is the greatest terror; and he sees no great harm in his sister undergoing what his own sweetheart has borne. To Isabella's sense of honour and purity he could not attain; but in expression of apprehension he stands even above Hamlet. His words on after-death are among the most poetical in Shakspeare.

"*Measure for Measure*," says Mr. Munro, "is certainly the least happy of Shakspeare's plays, and, were it not for the queenly figure of Isabella, would be intolerable. 'This play,' says Coleridge, 'which is Shakspeare's throughout, is to me the most painful—say, rather, the only painful—part of his genuine works.' This remark seems, unfortunately, to be only too justified; justice, which seems to be struggling for life all through, fails at the last, and Angelo goes unpunisht; Lucio does not get his deserts; Barnardine goes free. Our sense of propriety and justice is offended, but we should remember the Shakspeare with whom we have to deal. What else could happen in a world where to be honest is to be one man pickt out of ten thousand, in an unweeded garden that grows to seed, possest merely by things rank and gross in nature? And yet, through all, the poet keeps intact tenderness for women, and relies on their virtue. We

Introduction

know that Ophelia is good, that Desdemona is pure, that Cordelia is loving and gracious, that Volumnia is noble and honourable; and here, amid the rankest corruption and seething vice, is Isabella, perhaps the most beautiful and purely angelic of them all. May we not believe that Angelo is spared for the sake of Mariana? And for the rest, Pompey and Abhorson, they disappear into the silence whence it had been better they had not come."

Measure for Measure was first printed in the Folio of 1623. Its story is from the old play of *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578, by George Whetstone, printed in *Hazlitt*, Part II., vol. ii., p. 201, with the same story in prose, from Whetstone's *Heptameron*, 1582, *Hazlitt*, Part I., vol. iii., p. 156; and like stories from Goulart's *Admirable and Memorable Histories*, 1607; and from Giraldi Cinthio's *Hecatommithi*, Novel 5, decade 8 (p. 167, *ib.*), the probable source of Whetstone's play. There are plenty more stories of the kind. Seeing that the centre of *Measure for Measure* is the scene of Isabella with Claudio in the prison, where his unfit nature fails under the burden of coming death laid on him; seeing the many links between this play and *Hamlet*, and the more between that and *Julius Cæsar*, we cannot be wrong in putting all three together as the first group of the Third Period, the "unfit-nature, or under-burden-failing group," &c. Then we pass on to *Troilus and Cressida*.

The time of *Measure for Measure* is four days. Daniel's "Time-Analysis," *Trans. New Shaks. Soc.*, 1877-79, p. 139.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

VINCENTIO, *the Duke.*

ANGELO, *the Deputy in the Duke's absence.*

ESCALUS, *joined with Angelo in the Government.*

CLAUDIO.

LUCIO.

Two other Gentlemen.

Provost.

THOMAS, } *Friars.*

PETER, }

A Justice.

VARRIUS.

ELBOW, *a Constable.*

FROTH.

POMPEY, *Servant to Mistress Overdone.*

ABHORSON, *an Executioner.*

BARNARDINE, *a Prisoner.*

ISABELLA, *Sister to Claudio.*

MARIANA, *betrothed to Angelo.*

JULIET, *beloved of Claudio.*

FRANCISCA, *a Nun.*

MISTRESS OVERDONE, *a Bawd.*

Lords, Officers, Citizens, Boy, and Attendants.

SCENE.—VIENNA.

ACT FIRST

SCENE I.—A Room in the DUKE's Palace

Enter DUKE, ESCALUS, and Attendants

Duke. Escalus,—

Escal. My lord?

Duke. Of government the properties to unfold
Would seem in me to affect speech and discourse ;
Since I am put to know that your own science
Exceeds, in that, the lists of all advice
My strength can give you : then no more remains
But that to your sufficiency, as your worth is able,

And let them work. The nature of our people,
 Our city's institutions, and the terms
 For common justice, you're as pregnant in
 As art and practice hath enriched any
 That we remember. There is our commission,
[Giving it.
 From which we would not have you warp.—Call
 hither,
 I say, bid come before us, Angelo.—

[Exit an Attendant.

What figure of us think you he will bear?
 For you must know, we have with special soul
 Elected him our absence to supply,
 Lent him our terror, dressed him with our love,
 And given his deputation all the organs
 Of our own power: what think you of it?
Escal. If any in Vienna be of worth
 To undergo such ample grace and honour,
 It is Lord Angelo.

Duke. Look where he comes.

Enter ANGELO

Ang. Always obedient to your grace's will,
 I come to know your pleasure.

Duke. Angelo,
 There is a kind of character in thy life,

That to the observer doth thy history
Fully unfold. Thyself and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee.
Heaven doth with us, as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves ; for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 't were all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely
touched,

But to fine issues ; nor Nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use. But I do bend my speech
To one that can my part in him advertise ;
Hold, therefore, Angelo :—

[Tendering his commission.]

In our remove, be thou at full ourself ;
Mortality and mercy in Vienna
Live in thy tongue and heart : old Escalus,
Though first in question, is thy secondary :—
Take thy commission. *[Giving it.]*

Ang. Now, good my lord,
Let there be some more test made of my metal,
Before so noble and so great a figure
Be stamped upon 't.

Duke. No more evasion : we
Have with a leavened and prepared choice
Proceeded to you ; therefore take your honours.
Our haste from hence is of so quick condition,
That it prefers itself, and leaves unquestioned
Matters of needful value. We shall write to
you,
As time and our concernings shall impórtune,
How it goes with us ; and do look to know
What doth befall you here. So, fare you well :
To the hopeful execution do I leave you
Of your commissions.

Ang. Yet, give leave, my lord,
That we may bring you something on the way.

Duke. My haste may not admit it ;
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do
With any scruple : your scope is as mine own,
So to enforce or qualify the laws
As to your soul seems good. Give me your hand :
I'll privily away : I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes.
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause, and Aves vehement ;
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion
That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.

Ang. The heavens give safety to your purposes !

Escal. Lead forth and bring you back in happiness!

Duke. I thank you. Fare you well. [*Exit.*

Escal. I shall desire you, sir, to give me leave
To have free speech with you; and it concerns
me

To look into the bottom of my place;
A power I have, but of what strength and nature
I am not yet instructed.

Ang. 'T is so with me. Let us withdraw together,

And we may soon our satisfaction have
Touching that point.

Escal. I'll wait upon your honour.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—A Street

Enter LUCIO and two Gentlemen

Lucio. If the duke, with the other dukes, come
not to composition with the King of Hungary,
why then, all the dukes fall upon the king.

1 *Gent.* Heaven grant us its peace, but not the
King of Hungary's!

2 *Gent.* Amen.

Lucio. Thou concludest like the sanctimonious pirate, that went to sea with the Ten Commandments, but scraped one out of the table.

2 Gent. "Thou shalt not steal?"

Lucio. Ay, that he razed.

1 Gent. Why, 't was a commandment to command the captain and all the rest from their functions: they put forth to steal. There's not a soldier of us all, that, in the thanksgiving before meat, doth relish the petition well that prays for peace.

2 Gent. I never heard any soldier dislike it.

Lucio. I believe thee; for, I think, thou never wast where grace was said.

2 Gent. No? a dozen times at least.

1 Gent. What, in metre?

Lucio. In any proportion or in any language.

1 Gent. I think, or in any religion.

Lucio. Ay, why not? Grace is grace, despite of all controversy: as for example,—thou thyself art a wicked villain, despite of all grace.

1 Gent. Well, there went but a pair of shears between us.

Lucio. I grant; as there may between the lists and the velvet: thou art the list.

1 Gent. And thou the velvet: thou art good

velvet; thou art a three-piled piece, I warrant thee. I had as lief be a list of an English kersey, as be piled, as thou art piled, for a French velvet. Do I speak feelingly now?

Lucio. I think thou dost; and, indeed, with most painful feeling of thy speech: I will, out of thine own confession, learn to begin thy health; but, whilst I live, forget to drink after thee.

1 Gent. I think I have done myself wrong, have I not?

2 Gent. Yes, that thou hast, whether thou art tainted or free.

Lucio. Behold, behold, where Madam Mitigation comes!

1 Gent. I have purchased as many diseases under her roof as come to—

2 Gent. To what, I pray?

Lucio. Judge.

2 Gent. To three thousand dolours a year.

1 Gent. Ay, and more.

Lucio. A French crown more.

1 Gent. Thou art always figuring diseases in me; but thou art full of error,—I am sound.

Lucio. Nay, not as one would say, healthy; but so sound as things that are hollow: thy bones are hollow; impiety has made a feast of thee.

Enter MISTRESS OVERDONE

1 *Gent.* How now ? Which of your hips has the most profound sciatica ?

Mrs. Ov. Well, well ; there's one yonder arrested and carried to prison was worth five thousand of you all.

2 *Gent.* Who's that, I pray thee ?

Mrs. Ov. Marry, sir, that's Claudio, Signior Claudio.

1 *Gent.* Claudio to prison ! 't is not so.

Mrs. Ov. Nay, but I know, 't is so : I saw him arrested ; saw him carried away ; and, which is more, within these three days his head's to be chopped off.

Lucio. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so. Art thou sure of this ?

Mrs. Ov. I am too sure of it ; and it is for getting Madam Julietta with child.

Lucio. Believe me, this may be : he promised to meet me two hours since, and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.

2 *Gent.* Besides, you know, it draws something near to the speech we had to such a purpose.

1 *Gent.* But most of all, agreeing with the proclamation.

Lucio. Away : let 's go learn the truth of it.

[*Exeunt LUCIO and Gentlemen.*]

Mrs. Ov. Thus : what with the war, what with the sweat, what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am custom-shrunk.

Enter POMPEY

How now ? what 's the news with you ?

Pom. Yonder man is carried to prison.

Mrs. Ov. Well : what has he done ?

Pom. A woman.

Mrs. Ov. But what 's his offence ?

Pom. Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

Mrs. Ov. What, is there a maid with child by him ?

Pom. No ; but there 's a woman with maid by him. You have not heard of the proclamation, have you ?

Mrs. Ov. What proclamation, man ?

Pom. All houses in the suburbs of Vienna must be plucked down.

Mrs. Ov. And what shall become of those in the city ?

Pom. They shall stand for seed : they had gone down too, but that a wise burgher put in for them.

Mrs. Ov. But shall all our houses of resort in
the suburbs be pulled down?

Pom. To the ground, mistress.

Mrs. Ov. Why, here's a change, indeed, in the
commonwealth! what shall become of me?

Pom. Come; fear not you: good counsellors
lack no clients: though you change your place,
you need not change your trade; I'll be your
tapster still. Courage! there will be pity taken
on you; you that have worn your eyes almost out
in the service, you will be considered.

Mrs. Ov. What's to do here, Thomas Tapster?
Let's withdraw.

Pom. Here comes Signior Claudio, led by the
provost to prison; and there's Madam Juliet.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—The Same

Enter Provost, CLAUDIO, JULIET, and Officers

Claud. Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to
the world?

Bear me to prison, where I am committed.

Prov. I do it not in evil disposition,
But from Lord Angelo by special charge.

Claud. Thus can the demi-god Authority
Make us pay down for our offence by weight.—
The sword of Heaven ;—on whom it will, it will ;
On whom it will not, so : yet still 't is just.

Enter LUCIO and two Gentlemen

Lucio. Why, how now, Claudio ? whence comes
this restraint ?

Claud. From too much liberty, my Lucio,
liberty :

As surfeit is the father of much fast,
So every scope by the immoderate use
Turns to restraint. Our natures do pursue,
Like rats that ravin down their proper bane,
A thirsty evil ; and when we drink we die.

Lucio. If I could speak so wisely under an
arrest, I would send for certain of my creditors :
and yet, to say the truth, I had as lief have the
foppery of freedom, as the morality of imprison-
ment.—What 's thy offence, Claudio ?

Claud. What but to speak of would offend
again.

Lucio. What, is it murder ?

Claud. No.

Lucio. Lechery ?

Claud. Call it so.

Prov. Away, sir ; you must go.

Claud. One word, good friend.—Lucio, a word
with you. [Takes him aside.

Lucio. A hundred, if they 'll do you any good.
Is lechery so looked after ?

Claud. Thus stands it with me : upon a true
contráct,

I got possession of Julietta's bed :
You know the lady ; she is fast my wife,
Save that we do the denunciation lack
Of outward order : this we came not to,
Only for propagation of a dower
Remaining in the coffer of her friends,
From whom we thought it meet to hide our love,
Till time had made them for us. But it chances
The stealth of our most mutual entertainment
With character too gross is writ on Juliet.

Lucio. With child, perhaps ?

Claud. Unhappily, even so.
And the new deputy now for the duke,—
Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness,
Or whether that the body public be
A horse whereon the governor doth ride,
Who, newly in the seat, that it may know
He can command, lets it straight feel the spur ;
Whether the tyranny be in his place,

Or in his eminence that fills it up,
I stagger in ;—but this new governor
Awakes me all the enrolled penalties,
Which have, like unscoured armour, hung by the
wall

So long, that nineteen zodiacs have gone round,
And none of them been worn ; and, for a name,
Now puts the drowsy and neglected act
Freshly on me :—'t is surely for a name.

Lucio. I warrant, it is : and thy head stands so
tickle on thy shoulders, that a milk-maid, if she be
in love, may sigh it off. Send after the duke, and
appeal to him.

Claud. I have done so, but he's not to be found.
I prithee, Lucio, do me this kind service :—
This day my sister should the cloister enter,
And there receive her approbation :
Acquaint her with the danger of my state ;
Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends
To the strict deputy ; bid herself assay him :
I have great hope in that ; for in her youth
There is a prone and speechless dialect,
Such as moves men ; beside, she hath prosperous
art,

When she will play with reason and discourse,
And well she can persuade.

Lucio. I pray, she may : as well for the encouragement of the like, which else would stand under grievous imposition, as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be sorry should be thus foolishly lost at a game of tick-tack. I'll to her.

Claud. I thank you, good friend Lucio.

Lucio. Within two hours—

Claud. Come, officer, away !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—A Monastery

Enter DUKE and Friar THOMAS

Duke. No, holy father ; throw away that thought : Believe not that the dribbling dart of love Can pierce a complete bosom. Why I desire thee To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends Of burning youth.

Fri. May your grace speak of it ?

Duke. My holy sir, none better knows than you How I have ever loved the life removed, And held in idle price to haunt assemblies, Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery keep. I have delivered to Lord Angelo—

A man of stricture and firm abstinence—
My absolute power and place here in Vienna,
And he supposes me travelled to Poland ;
For so I 've strewed it in the common ear,
And so it is received. Now, pious sir,
You will demand of me, why I do this ?

Fri. Gladly, my lord.

Duke. We have strict statutes and most biting
laws,—

The needful bits and curbs to headstrong steeds,—
Which for this fourteen years we have let sleep ;
Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey. Now, as fond fathers,
Having bound up the threatening twigs of birch,
Only to stick it in their children's sight
For terror, not to use, in time the rod
Becomes more mocked than feared ; so our decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead ;
And liberty plucks justice by the nose,
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

Fri. It rested in your grace
To unloose this tied-up justice when you pleased ;
And it in you more dreadful would have seemed,
Than in Lord Angelo.

Duke. I do fear, too dreadful :

Sith 't was my fault to give the people scope,
'T would be my tyranny to strike and gall them
For what I bid them do : for we bid this be done,
When evil deeds have their permissive pass
And not the punishment. Therefore, indeed, my
father,

I have on Angelo imposed the office ;
Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike home,
And yet my nature never in the sight,
To do it slander. And to behold his sway,
I will, as 't were a brother of your order,
Visit both prince and people : therefore, I prithee,
Supply me with the habit, and instruct me
How I may formally in person bear me
Like a true friar. More reasons for this action
At our more leisure shall I render you ;
Only, this one :—Lord Angelo is precise ;
Stands at a guard with envy ; scarce confesses
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than stone : hence shall we see,
If power change purpose, what our seemers be.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—A Nunnery

Enter ISABELLA and FRANCISCA

Isab. And have you nuns no further privileges?

Fran. Are not these large enough?

Isab. Yes, truly: I speak not as desiring more;
But rather wishing a more strict restraint
Upon the sisterhood, votarists of Saint Clare.

Lucio. [*Within.*] Ho! Peace be in this place!

Isab. Who's that which calls?

Fran. It is a man's voice. Gentle Isabella,
Turn you the key, and know his business of him;
You may, I may not; you are yet unsworn.
When you have vowed, you must not speak with
men

But in the presence of the prioress:
Then, if you speak, you must not show your face;
Or, if you show your face, you must not speak.
He calls again; I pray you, answer him. [*Exit.*]

Isab. Peace and prosperity! Who is 't that
calls?

Enter LUCIO

Lucio. Hail, virgin, if you be,—as those cheek-
roses

Proclaim you are no less! Can you so stead me

As bring me to the sight of Isabella,
A novice of this place, and the fair sister
To her unhappy brother Claudio?

Isab. Why her unhappy brother? let me ask;
The rather, for I now must make you know
I am that Isabella and his sister.

Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly
greet you:

Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.

Isab. Woe me! for what?

Lucio. For that which, if myself might be his
judge,

He should receive his punishment in thanks:
He hath got his friend with child.

Isab. Sir, make me not your story.

Lucio. 'T is true.

I would not, though 't is my familiar sin
With maids to seem the lapwing and to jest
Tongue far from heart, play with all virgins so:
I hold you as a thing enskied and sainted;
By your renouncement, an immortal spirit;
And to be talked with in sincerity,
As with a saint.

Isab. You do blaspheme the good in mocking me.

Lucio. Do not believe it. Fewness and truth
't is thus:—

Your brother and his lover have embraced :
As those that feed grow full ; as blossoming time,
That from the seedness the bare fallow brings
To teeming foison, e'en so her plenteous womb
Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry.

Isab. Some one with child by him ?—My cousin
Juliet ?

Lucio. Is she your cousin ?

Isab. Adoptedly ; as school-maids change their
names

By vain, though apt, affection.

Lucio. She it is.

Isab. O, let him marry her.

Lucio. This is the point.

The duke is very strangely gone from hence ;
Bore many gentlemen, myself being one,
In hand, and hope of action ; but we do learn
By those that know the very nerves of state,
His givings-out were of an infinite distance
From his true-meant design. Upon his place,
And with full line of his authority,
Governs Lord Angelo ; a man whose blood
Is very snow-broth ; one who never feels
The wanton stings and motions of the sense,
But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
With profits of the mind, study and fast.

He—to give fear to use and liberty,
Which have for long run by the hideous law,
As mice by lions—hath picked out an act,
Under whose heavy sense your brother's life
Falls into forfeit : he arrests him on it,
And follows close the rigour of the statute,
To make him an example. All hope's gone,
Unless you have the grace by your fair prayer
To soften Angelo ; and that's my pith
Of business 'twixt you and your poor brother.

Isab. Doth he so seek his life ?

Lucio. Has censured him
Already ; and, as I hear, the provost hath
A warrant for his execution.

Isab. Alas, what poor ability's in me
To do him good ?

Lucio. Assay the power you have.

Isab. My power ! Alas, I doubt,—

Lucio. Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt. Go to Lord Angelo,
And let him learn to know, when maidens sue,
Men give like gods ; but when they weep and
kneel,
All their petitions are as freely theirs
As they themselves would owe them.

Isab. I'll see what I can do.

Lucio. But speedily.

Isab. I will about it straight,
No longer staying but to give the mother
Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you :
Commend me to my brother ; soon at night
I'll send him certain word of my success.

Lucio. I take my leave of you.

Isab. Good sir, adieu.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND

SCENE I.—A Hall in Angelo's House

*Enter ANGELO, ESCALUS, and a Justice ; Provost,
Officers, and other Attendants*

Ang. We must not make a scarecrow of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape till custom make it
Their perch and not their terror.

Escal. Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall, and bruise to death. Alas, this gentle-
man,
Whom I would save, had a most noble father.

Let but your honour know,—

Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue,—

That, in the working of your own affections,

Had time cohered with place, or place with wish-
ing,

Or that the resolute acting of your blood

Could have attained the effect of your own pur-
pose,

Whether you had not, sometime in your life,

Erred in this point which now you censure him,

And pulled the law upon you.

Ang. 'T is one thing to be tempted, Escalus,

Another thing to fall. I not deny,

The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,

May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two

Guiltier than him they try ; what's open made to
justice,

That justice seizes : what knows the laws

That thieves do pass on thieves? 'T is very
pregnant,

The jewel that we find, we stoop and take 't,

Because we see 't ; but what we do not see

We tread upon, and never think of it.

You may not so extenuate his offence

For I have had such faults ; but rather tell me,

When I, that censure him, do so offend,

Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.

Escal. Be 't as your wisdom will.

Ang. Where is the provost?

Prov. Here, if it like your honour.

Ang. See that Claudio

Be executed by nine to-morrow morning.

Bring him his confessor, let him be prepared ;

For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage.

[*Exit Provost.*]

Escal. Well, Heaven forgive him, and forgive
us all !

Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall ;

Some run from brakes of ice, and answer none,

And some condemnéd for a fault alone.

*Enter ELBOW and Officers, with FROTH and
POMPEY*

Elb. Come, bring them away. If these be good
people in a commonweal that do nothing but use
their abuses in common houses, I know no law :
bring them away.

Ang. How now, sir ! What's your name, and
what's the matter ?

Elb. If it please your honour, I am the poor
duke's constable, and my name is Elbow : I do

lean upon justice, sir ; and do bring in here before your good honour two notorious benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors ! Well ; what benefactors are they ? are they not malefactors ?

Elb. If it please your honour, I know not well what they are ; but precise villains they are, that I am sure of, and void of all profanation in the world that good Christians ought to have.

Escal. This comes off well : here's a wise officer.

Ang. Go to : what quality are they of ? Elbow is your name : why dost thou not speak, Elbow ?

Pom. He cannot, sir : he's out at elbow.

Ang. What are you, sir ?

Elb. He, sir ? a tapster, sir ; parcel-bawd ; one that serves a bad woman, whose house, sir, was, as they say, plucked down in the suburbs ; and now she professes a hot-house, which, I think, is a very ill house too.

Escal. How know you that ?

Elb. My wife, sir, whom I detest before Heaven and your honour,—

Escal. How ! thy wife ?

Elb. Ay, sir ;—whom, I thank Heaven, is an honest woman,—

Escal. Dost thou detest her therefore ?

Elb. I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as well

as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.

Escal. How dost thou know that, constable?

Elb. Marry, sir, by my wife; who, if she had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accused in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanness there.

Escal. By the woman's means?

Elb. Ay, sir, by Mistress Overdone's means; but as she spit in his face, so she defied him.

Pom. Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so.

Elb. Prove it before these varlets here, thou honourable man; prove it.

Escal. [*To ANGELO.*] Do you hear how he misplaces?

Pom. Sir, she came in great with child, and longing — saving your honour's reverence — for stewed prunes. Sir, we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time stood, as it were, in a fruit-dish, a dish of some three-pence; your honours have seen such dishes; they are not China dishes, but very good dishes,—

Escal. Go to, go to: no matter for the dish, sir.

Pom. No, indeed, sir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right:—but to the point. As I say,

this Mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and being great-bellied, and longing, as I said, for prunes, and having but two in the dish, as I said, Master Froth here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly ;—for, as you know, Master Froth, I could not give you three-pence again,—

Froth. No, indeed.

Pom. Very well ;—you being then, if you be remembered, cracking the stones of the foresaid prunes,—

Froth. Ay, so I did, indeed.

Pom. Why, very well ;—I telling you then, if you be remembered, that such a one, and such a one, were past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you,—

Froth. All this is true.

Pom. Why, very well then,—

Escal. Come ; you are a tedious fool : to the purpose.—What was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cause to complain of ? Come me to what was done to her.

Pom. Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet.

Escal. No, sir, nor I mean it not.

Pom. Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honour's leave. And, I beseech you, look into

Master Froth here, sir ; a man of fourscore pound a year, whose father died at Hallowmas :—Was 't not at Hallowmas, Master Froth ?—

Froth. All-Hallownd eve.

Pom. Why, very well ; I hope here be truths. He, sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair, sir ;—'t was in the Bunch of Grapes, where, indeed, you have a delight to sit, have you not ?

Froth. I have so ; because it is an open room, and good for winter.

Pom. Why, very well then ; I hope here be truths.

Ang. This will last out a night in Russia, When nights are longest there : I'll take my leave, And leave you to the hearing of the cause ; Hoping you'll find good cause to whip them all.

Escal. I think no less. Good morrow to your lordship. [*Exit ANGELO.*] Now, sir, come on : what was done to Elbow's wife, once more ?

Pom. Once, sir ! there was nothing done to her once.

Elb. I beseech you, sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

Pom. I beseech your honour, ask me.

Escal. Well, sir, what did this gentleman to her ?

Pom. I beseech you, sir, look in this gentleman's

face.—Good Master Froth, look upon his honour ; 't is for a good purpose.—Doth your honour mark his face ?

Escal. Ay, sir, very well.

Pom. Nay, I beseech you, mark it well.

Escal. Well, I do so.

Pom. Doth your honour see any harm in his face ?

Escal. Why, no.

Pom. I'll be supposed upon a book, his face is the worst thing about him. Good then ; if his face be the worst thing about him, how could Master Froth do the constable's wife any harm ? I would know that of your honour.

Escal. He's in the right.—Constable, what say you to it ?

Elb. First, an it like you, the house is a respected house ; next, this is a respected fellow ; and his mistress is a respected woman.

Pom. By this hand, sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

Elb. Varlet, thou liest : thou liest, wicked varlet ! The time is yet to come that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

Pom. Sir, she was respected with him before he married with her.

Escal. Which is the wiser here? Justice, or Iniquity?—Is this true?

Elb. O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal! I respected with her, before I was married to her?—If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor duke's officer. Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

Escal. If he took you a box o' th' ear, you might have your action of slander too.

Elb. Marry, I thank your good worship for it. What is't your worship's pleasure I shall do with this wicked caitiff?

Escal. Truly, officer, because he hath some offences in him, that thou wouldst discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses, till thou knowest what they are.

Elb. Marry, I thank your worship for it.—Thou seest, thou wicked varlet, now, what's come upon thee: thou art to continue; now, thou varlet; thou art to continue.

Escal. Where were you born, friend?

Froth. Here in Vienna, sir.

Escal. Are you of fourscore pounds a year?

Froth. Yes, an 't please you, sir.

Escal. So.—What trade are you of, sir?

Pom. A tapster; a poor widow's tapster.

Escal. Your mistress' name?

Pom. Mistress Overdone.

Escal. Hath she had any more than one husband?

Pom. Nine, sir; Overdone by the last.

Escal. Nine! Come hither to me, Master Froth. Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters; they will draw you, Master Froth, and you will hang them. Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

Froth. I thank your worship. For mine own part, I never come into any room in a taphouse, but I am drawn in.

Escal. Well, no more of it, Master Froth: farewell. [*Exit FROTH.*—Come you hither to me, master tapster. What's your name, master tapster?

Pom. Pompey.

Escal. What else?

Pom. Bum, sir.

Escal. Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you, so that, in the beastliest sense, you are Pompey the Great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey, howsoever you colour it

in being a tapster. Are you not? come, tell me true: it shall be the better for you.

Pom. Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.

Escal. How would you live, Pompey? by being a bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? is it a lawful trade?

Pom. If the law would allow it, sir.

Escal. But the law will not allow it, Pompey; nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna.

Pom. Does your worship mean to geld and splay all the youth of the city?

Escal. No, Pompey.

Pom. Truly, sir, in my poor opinion, they will to 't then. If your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

Escal. There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you: it is but heading and hanging.

Pom. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten year together, you'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads. If this law hold in Vienna ten year, I'll rent the fairest house in it after three-pence a bay. If you live to see this come to pass, say, Pompey told you so.

Escal. Thank you, good Pompey; and, in

requital of your prophecy, hark you :—I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever ; no, not for dwelling where you do : if I do, Pompey, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd Cæsar to you ; in plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have you whipt. So, for this time, Pompey, fare you well.

Pom. I thank your worship for your good counsel. —[*Aside.*] But I shall follow it as the flesh and fortune shall better determine.

Whip me ? No, no, let carman whip his jade ;
The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade.

[*Exit.*]

Escal. Come hither to me, Master Elbow ; come hither, master constable. How long have you been in this place of constable ?

Elb. Seven year and a half, sir.

Escal. I thought, by the readiness in the office, you had continued in it some time. You say, seven years together ?

Elb. And a half, sir.

Escal. Alas, it hath been great pains to you. They do you wrong to put you so oft upon't. Are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it ?

Elb. Faith, sir, few of any wit in such matters.

As they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them ; I do it for some piece of money, and go through with all.

Escal. Look you bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

Elb. To your worship's house, sir?

Escal. To my house. Fare you well.

[*Exit* ELBOW.]

What 's o'clock, think you ?

Just. Eleven, sir.

Escal. I pray you home to dinner with me.

Just. I humbly thank you.

Escal. It grieves me for the death of Claudio ;
But there 's no remedy.

Just. Lord Angelo is severe.

Escal.

It is but needful :

Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so ;

Pardon is still the nurse of second woe,

But yet,—poor Claudio !—There 's no remedy.—

Come, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Another Room in ANGELO's House

Enter Provost, and a Servant

Serv. He's hearing of a cause; he will come straight:

I'll tell him of you.

Prov. Pray you, do. [*Exit Serv.*] I'll know His pleasure; may be, he'll relent. Alas, He hath but as offended in a dream: All sects, all ages smack of this vice; and he To die for it!—

Enter ANGELO

Ang. Now, what's the matter, provost?

Prov. Is it your will Claudio shall die to-morrow?

Ang. Did I not tell thee, yea? hadst thou not order?

Why dost thou ask again?

Prov. Lest I might be too rash.
Under your good correction, I have seen,
When, after execution, judgment hath
Repented o'er his doom.

Ang. Go to; let that be mine:
Do you your office, or give up your place
And you shall well be spared.

Prov. I crave your honour's pardon.
What shall be done, sir, with the groaning Juliet?
She's very near her hour.

Ang. Dispose of her
To some more fitter place, and that with speed.

Re-enter Servant

Serv. Here is the sister of the man condemned,
Desires access to you.

Ang. Hath he a sister?

Prov. Ay, my good lord; a very virtuous maid,
And to be shortly of a sisterhood,
If not already.

Ang. Well, let her be admitted.

[*Exit Servant.*

See you the fornicatress be removed:
Let her have needful, but not lavish, means;
There shall be order for 't.

Enter LUCIO and ISABELLA

Prov. God save your honour!

Ang. Stay a little while.—[*To ISAB.*] You're
welcome: what's your will?

Isab. I am a woful suitor to your honour,
Please but your honour hear me.

Ang. Well; what's your suit?

Isab. 'There is a vice that most I do abhor,
And most desire should meet the blow of justice,
For which I would not plead, but that I must ;
For which I must not plead, but that I am
At war 'twixt will and will not.

Ang. Well ; the matter ?

Isab. I have a brother is condemned to die :
I do beseech you, let it be his fault
And not my brother.

Prov. [*Aside.*] Heaven give thee moving graces !

Ang. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of
it !

Why, every fault's condemned ere it be done.
Mine were the very cipher of a function,
To find the fault, whose fine stands in record,
And let go by the actor.

Isab. O just, but severe law !
I had a brother then.—Heaven keep your honour !

Lucio. [*To ISAB.*] Give't not o'er so : to him
again, entreat him ;

Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown ;
You are too cold ; if you should need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue desire it.
To him, I say.

Isab. Must he needs die ?

Ang. Maiden, no remedy.

Isab. Yes ; I do think that you might pardon
him,

And neither Heaven, nor man, grieve at the
mercy.

Ang. I will not do 't.

Isab. But can you, if you would ?

Ang. Look ; what I will not, that I cannot do.

Isab. But might you do 't and do the world no
wrong,

If so your heart were touched with that remorse
As mine is to him ?

Ang. He 's sentenced : 't is too late.

Lucio. [*To ISAB.*] You are too cold.

Isab. Too late ! why, no ; I, that do speak a
word,

May call it back again. Well, believe this,
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does.

If he had been as you, and you as he,
You would have slipped like him ; but he, like you,
Would not have been so stern.

Ang. Pray you, be gone.

Isab. I would to Heaven I had your potency,

And you were Isabel! should it then be thus?
No; I would tell what't were to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.

Lucio. [*To ISAB.*] Ay, touch him; there's the vein.

Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waste your words.

Isab. Alas! alas!

Why, all the souls that were were forfeit once;
And He that might the vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If He, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are? O, think on that,
And mercy then will breathe within your lips
Like man new-made!

Ang. Be you content, fair maid,
It is the law, not I, condemns your brother:
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should be thus with him:—he must die to-morrow.

Isab. To-morrow? O, that's sudden! Spare him, spare him!—
He's not prepared for death. Even for our kitchens
We kill the fowl of season: shall we serve Heaven

With less respect than we do minister
To our gross selves? Good, good my lord, bethink
you :

Who is it that hath died for this offence?
There's many have committed it.

Lucio. [To *Isab.*]

Ay, well said.

Ang. The law hath not been dead, though it hath
slept :

Those many had not dared to do that evil,
If the first that did the edict infringe
Had answered for his deed : now, 't is awake,
Takes note of what is done, and, like a prophet,
Looks in a glass that shows what future evils,—
Either new, or by remissness new-conceived,
And so in progress to be hatched and born,—
Are now to have no successive degrees,
But, ere they live, to end.

Isab.

Yet show some pity.

Ang. I show it most of all when I show justice ;
For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a dismissed offence would after gall,
And do him right that, answering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another. . Be satisfied ;
Your brother dies to-morrow ; be content.

Isab. So you must be the first that gives this
sentence,

And he that suffers. O ! 't is excellent
To have a giant's strength, but tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

Lucio. [To ISAB.] That's well said.

Isab. Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
For every pelting, petty officer
Would use his heaven for thunder ; nothing but
thunder.—

Merciful Heaven !

Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt
Splitt'st the unwedgeable and gnarléd oak,
Than the soft myrtle ; but man, proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he 's most assured,
His glassy essence,—like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep ; who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal.

Lucio. [To ISAB.] O, to him, to him, wench
He will relent :

He's coming ; I perceive 't.

Prov. [Aside.] Pray Heaven, she win him !

Isab. We cannot weigh our brother with our-
self :

Great men may jest with saints ; 't is wit in them,

But in the less foul profanation.

Lucio. [*To ISAB.*] Thou 'rt in the right, girl :
more o' that.

Isab. That in the captain's but a cholerick word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

Lucio. [*To ISAB.*] Art avised o' that ? more on 't.

Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon me ?

Isab. Because authority, though it err like
others,

Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,

That skins the vice o' the top. Go to your
bosom ;

Knock there, and ask your heart, what it doth
know

That's like my brother's fault : if it confess

A natural guiltiness, such as is his,

Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue

Against my brother's life.

Ang. [*Aside.*] She speaks, and 't is
Such sense, that my sense breeds with 't. Fare
you well.

Isab. Gentle my lord, turn back.

Ang. I will bethink me.—Come again to-morrow.

Isab. Hark, how I'll bribe you. Good my lord,
turn back.

Ang. How, bribe me ?

Isab. Ay, with such gifts that Heaven shall share with you.

Lucio. [*To ISAB.*] You had marred all else.

Isab. Not with fond shekels of the tested gold,
Or stones, whose rates are either rich or poor
As fancy values them ; but with true prayers,
That shall be up at heaven, and enter there
Ere sunrise,—prayers from preservéd souls,
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.

Ang. Well ; come to me to-morrow.

Lucio. [*To ISAB.*] Go to ; 't is well ; away !

Isab. Heaven keep your honour safe !

Ang. [*Aside.*] Amen :

For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers cross.

Isab. At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your lordship ?

Ang. At any time fore noon.

Isab. Save your honour !

[*Exeunt LUCIO, ISABELLA, and Provost.*]

Ang. From thee,—even from thy virtue !—
What's this ? what's this ? Is this her fault or
mine ?

The tempter or the tempted, who sins most, ha ?
Not she ; nor doth she tempt : but it is I,

That, lying by the violet in the sun,
Do, as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be,
That modesty may more betray our sense
Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground
enough,

Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,
And pitch our evils there? O, fie, fie, fie!
What dost thou, or what art thou, Angelo?
Dost thou desire her foully for those things
That make her good? O, let her brother live:
Thieves for their robbery have authority
When judges steal themselves. What, do I love
her,

That I desire to hear her speak again,
And feast upon her eyes? What is't I dream on?
O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint,
With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous
Is that temptation that doth goad us on
To sin in loving virtue. Ne'er could the strumpet,
With all her double vigour, art and nature,
Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite.—Ever, till now,
When men were fond, I smiled, and wondered how.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—A Room in a Prison

Enter DUKE, disguised as a Friar, and Provost

Duke. Hail to you, provost!—so I think you are.

Prov. I am the provost. What's your will, good friar?

Duke. Bound by my charity and my blessed order,

I come to visit the afflicted spirits

Here in the prison. Do me the common right

To let me see them, and to make me know

The nature of their crimes, that I may minister

To them accordingly.

Prov. I would do more than that, if more were needful.

Look, here comes one,—a gentlewoman of mine,

Who, falling in the flames of her own youth,

Hath blistered her report. She is with child,

And he that got it, sentenced,—a young man

More fit to do another such offence

Than die for this.

Enter JULIET

Duke. When must he die?

Prov. As I do think, to-morrow.—

[To JULIET.] I have provided for you : stay awhile,
And you shall be conducted.

Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry ?

Juliet. I do, and bear the shame most patiently.

Duke. I'll teach you how you shall arraign your
conscience,

And try your penitence, if it be sound.

Or hollowly put on.

Juliet. I'll gladly learn.

Duke. Love you the man that wronged you ?

Juliet. Yes, as I love the woman that wronged
him.

Duke. So then, it seems, your most offenceful
act

Was mutually committed ?

Juliet. Mutually.

Duke. Then was your sin of heavier kind than
his.

Juliet. I do confess it, and repent it, father.

Duke. 'T is meet so, daughter : but lest you do
repent,

As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,—
Which sorrow is always toward ourselves, not
Heaven,

Showing, we would not spare Heaven as we love it,
But as we stand in fear,—

Juliet. I do repent me, as it is an evil,
And take the shame with joy.

Duke. There rest.

Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him.

Juliet. Grace go with you !

Duke. Benedicite ! *[Exit.*

Juliet. Must die to-morrow ! O, injurious love,
That respites me a life, whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror !

Prov. 'T is pity of him. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—A Room in ANGELO'S House

Enter ANGELO

Ang. When I would pray and think, I think
and pray
To several subjects : Heaven hath my empty
words,
Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Isabel : Heaven in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew his name,
And in my heart the strong and swelling evil
Of my conception. The state, whereon I studied,

Is like a good thing, being often read,
Grown seared and tedious ; yea, my gravity,
Wherein—let no man hear me—I take pride,
Could I, with boot, change for an idle plume
Which the air beats for vain. O place ! O form !
How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls
To thy false seeming !—Blood, thou still art blood :
Let's write good angel on the devil's horn,
'T is not the devil's crest.

Enter a Servant

How now ! who's there ?

Serv. One Isabel, a sister,
Desires access to you.

Ang. Teach her the way. [*Exit Servant.*
O heavens !

Why does my blood thus muster to my heart
Making both it unable for itself,
And dispossessing all my other parts
Of necessary fitness ?
So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons ;
Come all to help him, and so stop the air
By which he should revive : and even so
The general, subject to a well-wished king,
Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness

Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love
Must needs appear offence.

Enter ISABELLA

How now, fair maid ?

Isab. I am come to know your pleasure.

Ang. That you might know it, would much
better please me

Than to demand what 't is. Your brother cannot
live.

Isab. Even so.—Heaven keep your honour !

[Retiring.]

Ang. Yet may he live awhile ; and, it may be,
As long as you, or I : yet he must die.

Isab. Under your sentence.

Ang. Yea.

Isab. When, I beseech you ? that in his reprieve,
Longer or shorter, he may be so fitted
That his soul sicken not.

Ang. Ha ! fie, these filthy vices ! 'T were as
good

To pardon him that hath from nature stolen
A man already made, as to remit
Their saucy sweetness that do coin Heaven's image
In stamps that are forbid : 't is all as easy
Falsely to take away a life true made,

As to put metal in restrainéd means,
To make a false one.

Isab. 'T is set down so in heaven, but not in
earth.

Ang. Say you so? then I shall pose you quickly.
Which had you rather, that the most just law
Now took your brother's life; or, to redeem him,
Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness
As she that he hath stained?

Isab. Sir, believe this,
I had rather give my body than my soul.

Ang. I talk not of vour soul. Our compelled
sins

Stand more for number than accompt.

Isab. How say you?

Ang. Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can
speak

Against the thing I say. Answer to this:—

I, now the voice of the recorded law,
Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life:
Might there not be a charity in sin
To save this brother's life?

Isab. Please you to do 't,
I'll take it as a peril to my soul:
It is no sin at all, but charity.

Ang. Pleased you to do 't, at peril of your soul,

Were equal poise of sin and charity.

Isab. That I do beg his life, if it be sin,
Heaven, let me bear 't ! you granting of my suit,
If that be sin, I 'll make it my morn-prayer
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your answer.

Ang. Nay, but hear me.
Your sense pursues not mine : either you are
ignorant,
Or seem so, craftily ; and that 's not good.

Isab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good
But graciously to know I am no better.

Ang. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright
When it doth tax itself : as these black masks
Proclaim an enshield beauty ten times louder
Than beauty could, displayed.—But mark me ;
To be receivéd plain, I 'll speak more gross :
Your brother is to die.

Isab. So.

Ang. And his offence is so, as it appears
Accountant to the law upon that pain.

Isab. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to save his life,—
As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
But in the loss of question,—that you, his sister,
Finding yourself desired of such a person,

Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-building law ; and that there were
No earthly mean to save him, but that either
You must lay down the treasures of your body
To this supposed, or else to let him suffer ;
What would you do ?

Isab. As much for my poor brother as myself :
That is, were I under the terms of death,
The impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
And strip myself to death, as to a bed
That longing I've been sick for, ere I'd yield
My body up to shame.

Ang. Then must your brother die.

Isab. And 't were the cheaper way.
Better it were, a brother died at once,
Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.

Ang. Were not you then as cruel as the sentence
That you have slandered so ?

Isab. Ignomy in ransom, and free pardon,
Are of two houses : lawful mercy
Is nothing kin to foul redemption.

Ang. You seemed of late to make the law a
tyrant ;
And rather proved the sliding of your brother

A merriment than a vice.

Isab. O, pardon me, my lord ! it oft falls out,
To have what we would have, we speak not what
we mean.

I something do excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love.

Ang. We are all frail.

Isab. Else let my brother die,
If not a fedary, but only he,
Owe and succeed thy weakness.

Ang. Nay, women are frail too.

Isab. Ay, as the glasses where they view them-
selves ;

Which are as easy broke as they make forms.
Women !—Help Heaven ! men their creation mar
In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times frail,
For we are soft as our complexions are.
And credulous to false prints.

Ang.

I think it well :

And from this testimony of your own sex,—
Since, I suppose, we 're made to be no stronger
Than faults may shake our frames,—let me be
bold :—

I do arrest your words. Be that you are,
That is, a woman ; if you be more, you 're none ;
If you be one,—as you are well expressed

By all external warrants,—show it now
By putting on the destined livery.

Isab. I have no tongue but one : gentle my
lord,

Let me entreat you speak the former language.

Ang. Plainly conceive, I love you.

Isab. My brother did love Juliet ; and you tell
me,

That he shall die for 't.

Ang. He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.

Isab. I know, your virtue hath a license in 't,
Which seems a little fouler that it is,
To pluck on others.

Ang. Believe me, on mine honour,
My words express my purpose.

Isab. Ha ! little honour to be much believed,
And most pernicious purpose !—Seeming, seem-
ing !—

I will proclaim thee, Angelo ; look for 't :
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,
Or with an outstretched throat I'll tell the world
Aloud what man thou art.

Ang. Who will believe thee, Isabel ?
My unsoiled name, the austereness of my life,
My vouch against you, and my place i' the state,
Will so your accusation overweigh,

That you shall stifle in your own report,
 And smell of calumny. I have begun,
 And now I give my sensual race the rein :
 Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite,
 Lay by all nicety and prolixious blushes
 That banish what they sue for, redeem thy brother
 By yielding up thy body to my will ;
 Or else he must not only die the death,
 But thy unkindness shall his death draw out
 To lingering sufferance. Answer me to-morrow,
 Or, by the affection that now guides me most,
 I'll prove a tyrant to him. As for you,
 Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true.

[*Exit.*

Isab. To whom should I complain ? Did I tell
 this,

Who would believe me ? O perilous mouths !
 That bear in them one and the selfsame tongue,
 Either of condemnation or approof,
 Bidding the law make court'sy to their will,
 Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite,
 To follow as it draws ! I'll to my brother :
 Though he hath fallen by prompture of the blood,
 Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour,
 That, had he twenty heads to tender down
 On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up,

Before his sister should her body stoop
To such abhorred pollution.
Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die :
More than our brother is our chastity.
I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,
And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest.
[Exit.

ACT THIRD

SCENE I.—A Room in the Prison

Enter DUKE, as a Friar, CLAUDIO, and Provost

Duke. So, then you hope of pardon from Lord
Angelo?

Claud. The miserable have no other medicine,
But only hope :

I have hope to live, and am prepared to die.

Duke. Be absolute for death ; either death or
life
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with
life :—

If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep ; a breath thou
art,

Servile to all the skyey influences
That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st,
Hourly inflict: merely, thou art death's fool;
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet runn'st toward him still. Thou art not
noble;

For all the accommodations that thou bear'st
Are nursed by baseness. Thou art by no means
valiant;

For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm. Thy best of rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provok'st, yet grossly fear'st
Thy death, which is no more. Thou 'rt not thyself;
For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains
That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not,
For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get,
And what thou hast, forgett'st. Thou art not
certain;

For thy complexion shifts to strange affects,
After the moon. If thou art rich, thou 'rt poor;
For, like an ass whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee. Friend hast thou none;
For thine own bowels, which do call thee sire,
The mere effusion of thy proper loins,
Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum,

For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth
nor age,

But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
Dreaming on both ; for all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged and doth beg the alms
Of palsied eld ; and when thou 'rt old and rich,
Thou 'st neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
To make thy riches pleasant. What 's yet in this,
That bears the name of life ? Yet in this life
Lie hid more thousand deaths : yet death we fear,
That makes these odds all even.

Claud. I humbly thank you.

To sue to live, I find I seek to die ;
And, seeking death, find life : let it come on.

Isab. [*Without.*] What, ho ! Peace here ; grace
and good company !

Prov. Who 's there ? come in : the wish deserves
a welcome.

Duke. Dear sir, ere long I 'll visit you again.

Claud. Most holy sir, I thank you.

Enter ISABELLA

Isab. My business is a word or two with
Claudio.

Prov. And very welcome.—Look, signior ; here's
your sister.

Duke. Provost, a word with you.

Prov. As many as you please.

Duke. Bring me to hear them speak, where I
may be

Concealed.

Exeunt DUKE and Provost.

Claud. Now, sister, what's the comfort?

Isab. Why, as

All comforts are ; most good, most good, indeed.

Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,

Intends you for his swift ambassador,

Where you shall be an everlasting lieger :

Therefore, your best appointment make with speed ;

To-morrow you set on.

Claud. Is there no remedy ?

Isab. None, but such remedy as, to save a head
To cleave a heart in twain.

Claud. But is there any ?

Isab. Yes, brother, you may live :

There is a devilish mercy in the judge,

If you'll implore it, that will free your life,

But fetter you till death.

Claud. Perpetual durance ?

Isab. Ay, just ; perpetual durance,—a restraint,
Though all the world's vastidity you had,
To a determined scope.

Claud. But in what nature?

Isab. In such a one as, you consenting to 't,
Would bark your honour from that trunk you
bear,
And leave you naked.

Claud. Let me know the point.

Isab. O, I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake,
Lest thou a feverous life shouldst entertain,
And six or seven winters more respect
Than a perpetual honour. Dar'st thou die?
The sense of death is most in apprehension,
And the poor beetle that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.

Claud. Why give you me this shame?
Think you I can a resolution fetch
From flowery tenderness? If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride
And hug it in mine arms.

Isab. There spake my brother: there my father's
grave
Did utter forth a voice. Yes, thou must die:
Thou art too noble to conserve a life
In base appliances. This outward-sainted deputy—
Whose settled visage and deliberate word
Nips youth i' the head, and follies doth emmew

As falcon doth the fowl—is yet a devil :
His filth within being cast, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.

Claud. The princely Angelo?

Isab. O, 't is the cunning livery of hell,
The damned'st body to invest and cover
In princely guards ! Dost thou think, Claudio,—
If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou mightst be freed.

Claud. O heavens ! it cannot be.

Isab. Yes, he would give 't thee, from this rank
offence,

So to offend him still. This night 's the time
That I should do what I abhor to name,
Or else thou diest to-morrow.

Claud. Thou shalt not do 't.

Isab. O, were it but my life,
I'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.

Claud. Thanks, dear Isabel.

Isab. Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-mor-
row.

Claud. Yes.—Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the law by the nose,
When he would force it ? Sure, it is no sin ;
Or of the deadly seven it is the least.

Isab. Which is the least?

Claud. If it were damnable, he, being so wise,
Why would he for the momentary trick
Be perdurably fined?—O Isabel!

Isab. What says my brother?

Claud. Death is a fearful thing.

Isab. And shaméd life a hateful.

Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not
where;

To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbéd ice;
To be imprisoned in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendant world; or to be worse than worst
Of those that lawless and incertain thoughts
Imagine howling!—'t is too horrible.
The weariest and most loathéd worldly life,
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

Isab. Alas! alas!

Claud. Sweet sister, let me live.
What sin you do to save a brother's life,

Nature dispenses with the deed so far
That it becomes a virtue.

Isab. O you beast !
O faithless coward ! O dishonest wretch !
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice ?
Is 't not a kind of incest, to take life
From thine own sister's shame ? What should I
think ?

Heaven shield, my mother played my father fair !
For such a warpéd slip of wilderness
Ne'er issued from his blood. Take my defiance ;
Die, perish ! Might but my bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed.
I 'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,—
No word to save thee.

Claud. Nay, hear me, Isabel.

Isab. O, fie, fie, fie !
Thy sin 's not accidental, but a trade.
Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd :
'T is best that thou diest quickly. [*Going.*]
Claud. O hear me, Isabella !

Re-enter DUKE

Duke. Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but one
word.

Isab. What is your will ?

Duke. Might you dispense with your leisure, I would by-and-by have some speech with you : the satisfaction I would require is likewise your own benefit.

Isab. I have no superfluous leisure : my stay must be stolen out of other affairs ; but I will attend you awhile.

Duke. [*Aside to CLAUDIO.*] Son, I have overheard what hath passed between you and your sister. Angelo had never the purpose to corrupt her ; only he hath made an assay of her virtue, to practise his judgment with the disposition of natures : she, having the truth of honour in her hath made him that gracious denial which he is most glad to receive. I am confessor to Angelo, and I know this to be true ; therefore prepare yourself to death : do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fallible : to-morrow you must die. Go to your knees, and make ready.

Claud. Let me ask my sister pardon. I am so out of love with life, that I will sue to be rid of it.

Duke. Hold you there : farewell.

[*Exit CLAUDIO.*]

Provost, a word with you.

Re-enter Provost

Prov. What's your will, father ?

Duke. That now you are come, you will be gone. Leave me awhile with the maid : my mind promises with my habit no loss shall touch her by my company.

Prov. In good time. [*Exit.*

Duke. The hand that hath made you fair hath made you good : the goodness that is cheap in beauty makes beauty brief in goodness ; but grace, being the soul of your complexion, shall keep the body of it ever fair. The assault that Angelo hath made to you, fortune hath conveyed to my understanding ; and but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at Angelo. How will you do to content this substitute, and to save your brother ?

Isab. I am now going to resolve him, I had rather my brother die by the law than my son should be unlawfully born. But O how much is the good duke deceived in Angelo ! If ever he return, and I can speak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or discover his government.

Duke. That shall not be much amiss : yet, as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation,—he made trial of you only. Therefore fasten your ear on my advisings : to the love I have in doing good a remedy presents itself. I do make myself

believe that you may most uprighteously do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry law; do no stain to your own gracious person; and much please the absent duke, if, peradventure, he shall ever return to have hearing of this business.

Isab. Let me hear you speak further. I have spirit to do anything that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful. Have you not heard speak of Mariana, the sister of Frederick the great soldier who miscarried at sea?

Isab. I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. She should this Angelo have married; was affianced to him by oath, and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract, and limit of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was wrecked at sea, having in that perished vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark how heavily this befell to the poor gentlewoman: there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural; with him the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage-dowry; with both, her combinate husband, this well-seeming Angelo.

Isab. Can this be so? Did Angelo so leave her?

Duke. Left her in her tears, and dried not one of them with his comfort; swallowed his vows whole, pretending in her discoveries of dishonour; in few, bestowed her on her own lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake; and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them, but relents not.

Isab. What a merit were it in death to take this poor maid from the world! What corruption in this life, that it will let this man live!—But how out of this can she avail?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may easily heal; and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonour in doing it.

Isab. Show me how, good father.

Duke. This fore-named maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection: his unjust unkindness, that in all reason should have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to Angelo; answer his requiring with a plausible obedience; agree with his demands to the point; only refer yourself to this advantage,—first, that your stay with him may not be long; that the time

may have all shadow and silence in it ; and the place answer to convenience. This being granted in course, now follows all :—we shall advise this wronged maid to stead up your appointment, go in your place ; if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompense : and here, by this, is your brother saved, your honour untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy scaled. The maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempt. If you think well to carry this as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it ?

Isab. The image of it gives me content already ; and I trust it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

Duke. It lies much in your holding up. Haste you speedily to Angelo : if for this night he entreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to St. Luke's ; there, at the moated grange, resides this dejected Mariana. At that place call upon me ; and dispatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

Isab. I thank you for this comfort. Fare you well, good father.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—The Street before the Prison

Enter, on one side, the DUKE, as Friar; on the other, ELBOW and Officers, with POMPEY

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.

Duke. O heavens! what stuff is here?

Pom. 'T was never merry world, since, of two usuries, the merriest was put down, and the worser allowed by order of law a furred gown to keep him warm; and furred with fox and lamb-skins too, to signify that craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing.

Elb. Come your way, sir.—Bless you, good father friar.

Duke. And you, good brother father. What offence hath this man made you, sir?

Elb. Marry, sir, he hath offended the law: and, sir, we take him to be a thief too, sir; for we have found upon him, sir, a strange picklock, which we have sent to the deputy.

Duke. Fie, sirrah! a bawd, a wicked bawd! The evil that thou causest to be done,

That is thy means to live. Do thou but think
What 't is to cram a maw or clothe a back
From such a filthy vice : say to thyself,—
From their abominable and beastly touches
I drink, I eat, array myself, and live :
Canst thou believe thy living is a life,
So stinkingly depending ? Go mend, go mend.

Pom. Indeed, it does stink in some sort, sir ; but
yet, sir, I would prove—

Duke. Nay, if the devil have given thee proofs for
sin,

Thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison, officer ;
Correction and instruction must both work
Ere this rude beast will profit.

Elb. He must before the deputy, sir ; he has
given him warning. The deputy cannot abide a
whoremaster : if he be a whoremonger, and comes
before him, he were as good go a mile on his
errand.

Duke. That we were all, as some would seem
to be,

Free from our faults, as from faults seeming free !

Elb. His neck will come to your waist,—a cord,
sir.

Pom. I spy comfort : I cry, bail. Here 's a
gentleman, and a friend of mine.

Enter LUCIO

Lucio. How now, noble Pompey ! What, at the wheels of Cæsar ? Art thou led in triumph ? What, is there none of Pygmalion's images, newly made woman, to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket and extracting it clutched ? What reply ? Ha ? What say'st thou to this tune, matter, and method ? Is 't not drowned i' the last rain, ha ? What say'st thou, trot ? Is the world as it was, man ? Which is the way ? Is it sad and few words, or how ? The trick of it ?

Duke. Still thus, and thus : still worse !

Lucio. How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress ? Procures she still, ha ?

Pom. Troth, sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the tub.

Lucio. Why, 't is good ; it is the right of it ; it must be so : ever your fresh whore, and your powdered bawd : an unshunned consequence ; it must be so. Art going to prison, Pompey ?

Pom. Yes, faith, sir.

Lucio. Why, 't is not amiss, Pompey. Farewell : go ; say, I sent thee thither. For debt Pompey, or how ?

Elb. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Lucio. Well, then imprison him. If imprisonment be the due of a bawd, why, 't is his right : bawd is he, doubtless, and of antiquity too ; bawd-born. Farewell, good Pompey. Commend me to the prison, Pompey. You will turn good husband now, Pompey ; you will keep the house.

Pom. I hope, sir, your good worship, will be my bail.

Lucio. No, indeed, will I not, Pompey ; it is not the wear. I will pray, Pompey, to increase your bondage if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more. Adieu, trusty Pompey.— Bless you, friar.

Duke. And you.

Lucio. Does Bridget paint still, Pompey, ha ?

Elb. Come your ways, sir ; come.

Pom. You will not bail me then, sir ?

Lucio. Then, Pompey, nor now.—What news abroad, friar ? What news ?

Elb. Come your ways, sir ; come.

Lucio. Go to kennel, Pompey ; go. [*Exeunt ELBOW, and Officers with POMPEY.*] What news, friar, of the duke ?

Duke. I know none. Can you tell me of any ?

Lucio. Some say, he is with the emperor of

Russia ; other some, he is in Rome : but where is he, think you ?

Duke. I know not where ; but wheresoever, I wish him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantastical trick of him, to steal from the state, and usurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence : he puts transgression to 't.

Duke. He does well in 't.

Lucio. A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him : something too crabbed that way, friar.

Duke. It is too general a vice, and severity must cure it.

Lucio. Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred : it is well allied ; but it is impossible to extirp it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be put down. They say, this Angelo was not made by man and woman, after this downright way of creation : is it true, think you ?

Duke. How should he be made, then ?

Lucio. Some report, a sea-maid spawned him ; some, that he was begot between two stock-fishes. But it is certain, that when he makes water, his urine is congealed ice : that I know to be true ; and he is a motion generative, that 's infallible.

Measure for Measure

Duke. You are pleasant, sir, and speak apace.

Lucio. Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a codpiece to take away the life of a man? Would the duke, that is absent have done this? Ere he would have hanged a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the nursing a thousand. He had some feeling of the sport: he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

Duke. I never heard the absent duke much detected for women: he was not inclined that way.

Lucio. O, sir, you are deceived.

Duke. 'Tis not possible.

Lucio. Who? not the duke? yes, your beggar of fifty, and his use was to put a ducat in her clack-dish. The duke had crotchets in him: he would be drunk too; that let me inform you.

Duke. You do him wrong; surely.

Lucio. Sir, I was an inward of his. A shy fellow was the duke; and I believe I know the cause of his withdrawing.

Duke. What, I prithee, might be the cause?

Lucio. No,—pardon; 'tis a secret must be locked within the teeth and the lips; but this I can let you understand,—the greater file of the subject held the duke to be wise.

Duke. Wise? why, no question but he was.

Lucio. A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking: the very stream of his life, and the business he hath helmed, must, upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings-forth, and he shall appear to the envious a scholar, a statesman, and a soldier. Therefore, you speak unskilfully; or, if your knowledge be more, it is much darkened in your malice.

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love.

Lucio. Come, sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But, if ever the duke return—as our prayers are he may—let me desire you to make your answer before him: if it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it: I am bound to call upon you; and, I pray you, your name?

Lucio. Sir, my name is Lucio; well known to the duke.

Duke. He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to report you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. O, you hope the duke will return no more, or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite. But, indeed, I can do you little harm ; you'll forswear this again.

Lucio. I'll be hanged first : thou art deceived in me, friar. But no more of this. Canst thou tell if Claudio die to-morrow or no ?

Duke. Why should he die, sir ?

Lucio. Why ! for filling a bottle with a tun-dish. I would the duke we talk of were returned again : this ungenitured agent will unpeople the province with continency ; sparrows must not build in his house-eaves, because they are lecherous. The duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answered ; he would never bring them to light : would he were returned ! Marry, this Claudio is condemned for untrussing. Farewell, good friar ; I prithee, pray for me. The duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on Fridays. He's now past it ; yet, and I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt brown bread and garlic : say, that I said so. Farewell. [Exit.

Duke. No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure scape ; back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes. What king so strong

Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?
But who comes here?

*Enter ESCALUS, Provost, and Officers, with Mistress
OVERDONE*

Escal. Go; away with her to prison!

Mrs. Ov. Good my lord, be good to me; your honour is accounted a merciful man; good my lord.

Escal. Double and treble admonition, and still forfeit in the same kind? This would make mercy swear and play the tyrant.

Prov. A bawd of eleven years' continuance, may it please your honour.

Mrs. Ov. My lord, this is one Lucio's information against me. Mistress Kate Keepdown was with child by him in the duke's time; he promised her marriage; his child is a year and a quarter old, come Philip and Jacob; I have kept it myself; and see how he goes about to abuse me!

Escal. That fellow is a fellow of much license:—let him be called before us.—Away with her to prison! Go to; no more words. [*Exeunt Officers with Mistress Ov.*] Provost, my brother Angelo will not be altered; Claudio must die to-morrow. Let him be furnished with divines, and have all

charitable preparation : if my brother wrought by my pity, it should not be so with him.

Prov. So please you, this friar hath been with him, and advised him for the entertainment of death.

Escal. Good even, good father.

Duke. Bliss and goodness on you.

Escal. Of whence are you ?

Duke. Not of this country, though my chance is
now

To use it for my time : I am a brother
Of gracious order, late come from the See
In special business from his holiness.

Escal. What news abroad i' the world ?

Duke. None, but that there is so great a fever
on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it :
novelty is only in request ; and it is as dangerous
to be aged in any kind of course, as it is virtuous
to be constant in any undertaking. There is scarce
truth enough alive to make societies secure, but
security enough to make fellowships accursed.
Much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the
world. This news is old enough, yet it is every
day's news. I pray you, sir, of what disposition
was the duke ?

Escal. One that, above all other strifes, con-
tended especially to know himself.

Duke. What pleasure was he given to ?

Escal. Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry at anything which professed to make him rejoice : a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous ; and let me desire to know how you find Claudio prepared. I am made to understand that you have lent him visitation.

Duke. He professes to have received no sinister measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice ; yet had he framed to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life ; which I, by my good leisure, have discredited to him. and now is he resolved to die.

Escal. You have paid the heavens your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have laboured for the poor gentleman to the extremest shore of my modesty ; but my brother justice have I found so severe, that he hath forced me to tell him he is indeed Justice.

Duke. If his own life answer the straitness of his proceeding, it shall become him well ; wherein if he chance to fail, he hath sentenced himself.

Escal. I am going to visit the prisoner. Fare you well.

Duke. Peace be with you !

[*Exeunt ESCALUS and Provost.*

He who the sword of heaven will bear
Should be as holy as severe ;
Pattern in himself to know,
Grace to stand, and virtue go ;
More nor less to others paying
Than by self-offences weighing.
Shame to him whose cruel striking
Kills for faults of his own liking !
Twice treble shame on Angelo,
To weed my vice and let his grow !
O, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side !
How may likeness made in crimes,
Masking, practise on the times,
To draw with idle spiders' strings
Most ponderous and substantial things !
Craft against vice I must apply :
With Angelo to-night shall lie
His old betrothed, but despised :
So disguise shall, by the disguised,
Pay with falsehood false exacting,
And perform an old contracting.

[*Exit.*

ACT FOURTH

SCENE I.—The Moated Grange at St. Luke's

MARIANA *discovered sitting ; a Boy singing.*

SONG.

*Take, O, take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn ;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn :
But my kisses bring again,
Bring again,
Seals of love, but sealed in vain,
Sealed in vain.*

Mari. Break off thy song, and haste thee quick
away :

Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice
Hath often stilled my brawling discontent.—

[*Exit Boy.*

Enter DUKE, disguised as before

I cry you mercy, sir ; and well could wish
You had not found me here so musical :
Let me excuse me, and believe me so,
My mirth it much displeased, but pleased my woe

Duke. 'Tis good : though music oft hath such a charm

To make bad good, and good provoke to harm.
I pray you, tell me, hath anybody inquired for me here to-day ? much upon this time have I promised here to meet.

Mari. You have not been inquired after : I have sat here all day.

Duke. I do constantly believe you.—The time is come, even now. I shall crave your forbearance a little : may be, I will call upon you anon, for some advantage to yourself.

Mari. I am always bound to you. [Exit.

Enter ISABELLA

Duke. Very well met, and welcome.
What is the news from this good deputy ?

Isab. He hath a garden circummured with brick,
Whose western side is with a vineyard backed ;
And to that vineyard is a planchéd gate
That makes his opening with this bigger key ;
This other doth command a little door
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads ;
There have I made my promise
Upon the heavy middle of the night
To call upon him

Duke. But shall you on your knowledge find
this way?

Isab. I've ta'en a due and wary note upon 't:
With whispering and most guilty diligence,
In action all of precept, he did show me
The way twice o'er.

Duke. Are there no other tokens
Between you 'greed, concerning her observance?

Isab. No, none, but only a repair i' the dark;
And that I have possessed him my most stay
Can be but brief; for I have made him know
I have a servant comes with me along,
That stays upon me; whose persuasion is
I come about my brother.

Duke. 'T is well borne up
I have not yet made known to Mariana
A word of this.—What, ho! within! come forth!

Re-enter MARIANA

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid;
She comes to do you good.

Isab. I do desire the like.

Duke. Do you persuade yourself that I respect
you?

Mari. Good friar, I know you do, and have
found it.

Duke. Take then this your companion by the hand,

Who hath a story ready for your ear.

I shall attend your leisure : but make haste ;

The vaporous night approaches.

Mari. Will 't please you walk aside ?

[*Exeunt* MARIANA and ISABELLA.]

Duke. O place and greatness, millions of false eyes

Are stuck upon thee ! volumes of report

Run with these false and most contrarious quests

Upon thy doings ! thousand escapes of wit

Make thee the father of their idle dreams,

And rack thee in their fancies !

Re-enter MARIANA and ISABELLA

Welcome ! How agreed ?

Isab. She 'll take the enterprise upon her, father,
If you advise it.

Duke. 'T is not my consent,
But my entreaty too.

Isab. Little have you to say
When you depart from him, but, soft and low,
"Remember now my brother."

Mari. Fear me not.

Duke. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all.

He is your husband on a pre-contract :
To bring you thus together, 't is no sin,
Sith that the justice of your title to him
Doth flourish the deceit. Come, let us go :
Our corn 's to reap, for yet our tilth 's to sow.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Room in the Prison

Enter Provost and POMPEY

Prov. Come hither, sirrah. Can you cut off a man's head ?

Pom. If the man be a bachelor, sir, I can ; but if he be a married man, he is his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.

Prov. Come, sir : leave me your snatches, and yield me a direct answer. To-morrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine. Here is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper : if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your gyves ; if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment, and your deliverance with an unpitied whipping, for you have been a notorious bawd.

Pom. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd, time

out of mind ; but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman. I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow partner.

Prov. What ho, Abhorson ! Where 's Abhorson there ?

Enter ABHORSON

Abhor. Do you call, sir ?

Prov. Sirrah, here 's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution. If you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you ; if not, use him for the present, and dismiss him. He cannot plead his estimation with you : he hath been a bawd.

Abhor. A bawd, sir ! fie upon him ! he will discredit our mystery.

Prov. Go to, sir ; you weigh equally ; a feather will turn the scale. *[Exit.*

Pom. Pray, sir, by your good favour,—for surely, sir, a good favour you have, but that you have a hanging look,—do you call, sir, your occupation a mystery ?

Abhor. Ay, sir ; a mystery.

Pom. Painting, sir, I have heard say, is a mystery ; and your whores, sir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my

occupation a mystery : but what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hanged, I cannot imagine.

Abhor. Sir, it is a mystery

Pom. Proof!!

Abhor. Every true man's apparel fits your thief. If it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough ; if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough : so, every true man's apparel fits your thief.

Re-enter Provost

Prov. Are you agreed ?

Pom. Sir, I will serve him ; for I do find your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd, —he doth oftener ask forgiveness.

Prov. You, sirrah, provide your block and your axe to-morrow four o'clock.

Abhor. Come on, bawd ; I will instruct thee in my trade ; follow.

Pom. I do desire to learn, sir ; and, I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me yare ; for, truly, sir, for your kindness I owe you a good turn.

Prov. Call hither Barnardine and Claudio :

[*Exeunt POMPEY and ABHORSON.*]

The one has my pity ; not a jot the other,
Being a murderer, though he were my brother.

Enter CLAUDIO

Look, here 's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death :
'T is now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow
Thou must be made immortal. Where 's Barnar-
dine ?

Claud. As fast locked up in sleep as guiltless
labour

When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones :
He will not wake.

Prov. Who can do good on him ?

Well, go, prepare yourself. But hark, what noise ?
[*Knocking within.*

Heaven give your spirits comfort ! [*Exit* CLAUDIO.]

By-and-by.—

I hope it is some pardon or reprieve
For the most gentle Claudio.—

Enter DUKE, disguised as before

Welcome, father.

Duke. The best and wholesom'st spirits of the
night

Envelop you, good provost ! Who called here of
late ?

Prov. None, since the curfew rung.

Duke. Not Isabel?

Prov. No.

Duke. They will, then, ere't be long.

Prov. What comfort is for Claudio?

Duke. There's some in hope.

Prov. It is a bitter deputy.

Duke. Not so, not so: his life is paralleled

Even with the stroke and line of his great justice:

He doth with holy abstinence subdue

That in himself which he spurs on his power

To qualify in others: were he mealed with that

Which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;

But this being so, he's just.—[*Knocking within.*]

Now are they come.—[*Exit Provost.*]

This is a gentle provost: seldom when

The steeléd gaoler is the friend of men.

[*Knocking within.*]

How now? What noise? That spirit's possessed
with haste

That wounds the unsisting postern with these
strokes.

Re-enter Provost

Prov. [*speaking to one at the door.*] There he
must stay, until the officer

Arise to let him in ; he is called up.

Duke. Have you no countermand for Claudio yet,

But he must die to-morrow ?

Prov. None, sir, none.

Duke. As near the dawning, provost, as it is,
You shall hear more ere morning.

Prov. Happily

You something know ; yet I believe there comes
No countermand ; no such example have we.

Besides, upon the very siege of justice
Lord Angelo hath to the public ear
Professed the contrary.

Enter a Messenger

This is his lordship's man.

Duke. And here comes Claudio's pardon.

Mess. My lord hath sent you this note ; and by
me this further charge,—that you swerve not from
the smallest article of it, neither in time, matter,
or other circumstance.—Good morrow ; for, as I
take it, it is almost day.

Prov. I shall obey him. *[Exit Messenger.]*

Duke. *[Aside.]* This is his pardon, purchased by
such sin

For which the pardoner himself is in.

Hence hath offence his quick celerity,
When it is borne in high authority :
When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended,
That for the fault's love is the offender friended.—
Now, sir, what news?

Prov. I told you, Lord Angelo, belike thinking me remiss in mine office, awakens me with this unwonted putting-on; methinks strangely, for he hath not used it before.

Duke. Pray you, let's hear.

Prov. [*Reads.*] *Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock; and, in the afternoon, Barnardine. For my better satisfaction, let me have Claudio's head sent me by five. Let this be duly performed; with a thought, that more depends on it than we must yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you will answer it at your peril.*—What say you to this, sir?

Duke. What is that Barnardine, who is to be executed in the afternoon?

Prov. A Bohemian born, but here nursed up and bred; one that is a prisoner nine years old.

Duke. How came it that the absent duke had not either delivered him to his liberty or executed

him? I have heard it was ever his manner to do so.

Prov. His friends still wrought reprieves for him : and, indeed, his fact, till now in the government of Lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful proof.

Duke. It is now apparent?

Prov. Most manifest, and not denied by himself.

Duke. Hath he borne himself penitently in prison? how seems he to be touched?

Prov. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come; insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.

Duke. He wants advice.

Prov. He will hear none. He hath evermore had the liberty of the prison; give him leave to escape hence, he would not: drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very oft awaked him, as if to carry him to execution, and showed him a seeming warrant for it: it hath not moved him at all.

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in your brow, provost, honesty and constancy: if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me;

but in the boldness of my cunning I will lay myself in hazard. Claudio, whom here you have warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo who hath sentenced him. To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but four days' respite, for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy.

Prov. Pray, sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Prov. Alack, how may I do it,—having the hour limited, and an express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my case as Claudio's, to cross this in the smallest.

Duke. By the vow of mine order, I warrant you, if my instructions may be your guide. Let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo.

Prov. Angelo hath seen them both, and will discover the favour.

Duke. O, death's a great disguiser, and you may add to it. Shave the head, and tie the beard; and say, it was the desire of the penitent to be so bared before his death: you know, the course is common. If anything fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune, by the saint

whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life.

Prov. Pardon me, good father ; it is against my oath.

Duke. Were you sworn to the duke, or to the deputy ?

Prov. To him, and to his substitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no offence, if the duke avouch the justice of your dealing.

Prov. But what likelihood is in that ?

Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet since I see you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor persuasion can with ease attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, sir, here is the hand and seal of the duke : you know the character, I doubt not ; and the signet is not strange to you.

Prov. I know them both.

Duke. The contents of this is the return of the duke : you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure ; where you shall find, within these two days he will be here. This is a thing that Angelo knows not, for he this very day receives letters of strange tenour ; perchance, of the duke's death, perchance, entering into some monastery, but, by chance, nothing of what is writ. Look, the

unfolding star calls up the shepherd. Put not yourself into amazement how these things should be: all difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head: I will give him a present shrift, and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amazed; but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away; it is almost clear dawn.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Another Room in the Same

Enter POMPEY

Pom. I am as well acquainted here, as I was in our house of profession: one would think, it were Mistress Overdone's own house, for here be many of her old customers. First, here's young Master Rash; he's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger, nine-score and seventeen pounds; of which he made five marks, ready money: marry, then, ginger was not much in request, for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one Master Caper, at the suit of Master Three-pile the mercer, for some four suits of peach-coloured satin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young Dizzy, and young Master Deep-vow,

and Master Copper-spur, and Master Starve-lackey the rapier-and-dagger-man, and young Drop-heir that killed lusty Pudding, and Master Forthright the tilter, and brave Master Shoe-tie the great traveller, and wild Half-can that stabbed Pots, and, I think, forty more ; all great doers in our trade, and are now 'for the Lord's sake.'

Enter ABHORSON

Abhor. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

Pom. Master Barnardine ! you must rise and be hanged, Master Barnardine.

Abhor. What, ho, Barnardine !

Bar. [*Within.*] A pox o' your throats ! Who makes that noise there ? What are you ?

Pom. Your friends, sir ; the hangman. You must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death.

Bar. [*Within.*] Away, you rogue, away ! I am sleepy.

Abhor. Tell him, he must awake, and that quickly too.

Pom. Pray, Master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

Abhor. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Pom. He is coming, sir, he is coming : I hear his straw rustle.

Measure for Measure

Abhor. Is the axe upon the block, sirrah?

Pom. Very ready, sir.

Enter BARNARDINE

Bar. How now, Abhorson? what's the news with you?

Abhor. Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers; for, look you, the warrant's come.

Bar. You rogue, I have been drinking all night: I am not fitted for 't.

Pom. O, the better, sir; for he that drinks all night, and is hanged betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.

Abhor. Look you, sir; here comes your ghostly father. Do we jest now, think you?

Enter DUKE, disguised as before

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you, and pray with you.

Bar. Friar, not I: I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets. I will not consent to die this day, that's certain.

Duke. O, sir, you must; and, therefore, I beseech you,

Look forward on the journey you shall go.

Bar. I swear, I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.

Duke. But hear you,—

Bar. Not a word : if you have anything to say to me, come to my ward ; for thence will not I to-day. [*Exit.*

Duke. Unfit to live, or die. O gravel heart !—
After him, fellows : bring him to the block.

[*Exeunt ABHORSON and POMPEY*

Re-enter Provost

Prov. Now, sir, how do you find the prisoner ?

Duke. A creature unprepared, unmeet for death ;
And, to transport him in the mind he is,
Were damnable.

Prov. Here in the prison, father,
There died this morning of a cruel fever
One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate,
A man of Claudio's years ; his beard and head
Just of his colour. What if we do omit
This reprobate till he were well inclined,
And satisfy the deputy with the visage
Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio ?

Duke. O, 't is an accident that Heaven provides !
Despatch it presently : the hour draws on

Prefixed by Angelo. See this be done,
And sent according to command, whiles I
Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Prov. This shall be done, good father, presently.
But Barnardine must die this afternoon ;
And how shall we continue Claudio,
To save me from the danger that might come
If he were known alive ?

Duke. Let this be done,—put them in secret
holds,

Both Barnardine and Claudio :
Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting
To the under generation, you shall find
Your safety manifested.

Prov. I am your free dependant.

Duke. Quick, despatch,
And send the head to Angelo. [*Exit Provost.*]
Now will I write letters to Angelo—
The provost, he shall bear them—whose contents
Shall witness to him, I am near at home,
And that, by great injunctions, I am bound
To enter publicly : him I'll desire
To meet me at the consecrated fount,
A league below the city ; and from thence,
By cold gradation and well-balanced form.
We shall proceed with Angelo.

Re-enter Provost

Prov. Here is the head ; I'll carry it myself.

Duke. Convenient is it. Make a swift return ;
For I would commune with you of such things
That want no ear but yours.

Prov. I'll make all speed. [*Exit.*

Isab. [*Within.*] Peace, ho, be here !

Duke. The tongue of Isabel.—She 's come to
know

If yet her brother's pardon be come hither :
But I will keep her ignorant of her good,
To make her heavenly comfort of despair,
When it is least expected.

Enter ISABELLA

Isab. Ho, by your leave.

Duke. Good morning to you, fair and gracious
daughter.

Isab. The better, given me by so holy a man.
Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon ?

Duke. He hath released him, Isabel, from the
world.

His head is off, and sent to Angelo.

Isab. Nay, but it is not so.

Duke. It is no other : show your wisdom,
'daughter,

In your close patience.

Isab. O, I will to him, and pluck out his eyes!

Duke. You shall not be admitted to his sight.

Isab. Unhappy Claudio! Wretched Isabel!
Injurious world! Most damnéd Angelo!

Duke. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a
jot;

Forbear it therefore; give your cause to Heaven.

Mark what I say to you, which you shall find

By every syllable a faithful verity:

The duke comes home to-morrow;—nay, dry your
eyes;

One of our convent, and his cónfessor,

Gives me this instance: already he hath carried

Notice to Escalus and Angelo,

Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,

There to give up their power. If you can, pace
your wisdom

In that good path that I would wish it go;

And you shall have your bosom on this wretch,

Grace of the duke, revenges to your heart,

And general honour.

Isab. I am directed by you.

Duke. This letter then to Friar Peter give;

'Tis that he sent me of the duke's return:

Say, by this token, I desire his company

At Mariana's house to-night. Her cause and
yours,

I'll perfect him withal, and he shall bring you
Before the duke ; and to the head of Angelo
Accuse him home, and home. For my poor self,
I am combinéd by a sacred vow,
And shall be absent. Wend you with this letter :
Command these fretting waters from your eyes
With a light heart : trust not my holy order,
If I pervert your course.—Who's here ?

Enter LUCIO

Lucio. Good even, friar : where's the provost ?

Duke. Not within, sir.

Lucio. O pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine
heart to see thine eyes so red : thou must be
patient. I am fain to dine and sup with water
and bran ; I dare not for my head fill my belly ;
one fruitful meal would set me to't. But they
say, the duke will be here to-morrow. By my
troth, Isabel, I loved thy brother : if the old
fantastical duke of dark corners had been at home,
he had lived. *[Exit ISABELLA.*

Duke. Sir, the duke is marvellous little behold-
ing to your reports : but the best is, he lives not in
them.

Lucio. Friar, thou knowest not the duke so well as I do : he's a better woodman than thou takest him for.

Duke. Well, you'll answer this one day. Fare ye well.

Lucio. Nay, tarry ; I'll go along with thee : I can tell thee pretty tales of the duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already, sir, if they be true ; if not true, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a wench with child.

Duke. Did you such a thing ?

Lucio. Yes, marry, did I ; but I was fain to forswear it : they would else have married me to the rotten medlar.

Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than honest. Rest you well.

Lucio. By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end. If bawdy talk offend you, we'll have very little of it. Nay, friar, I am a kind of burr ; I shall stick.

[*Exeunt.*]

Measure for Measure

SCENE IV.—A Room in ANGELO's House

Enter ANGELO and ESCALUS

Escal. Every letter he hath writ hath disvouched other.

Ang. In most uneven and distracted manner. His actions show much like to madness: pray Heaven, his wisdom be not tainted! and why meet him at the gates, and re-deliver our authorities there?

Escal. I guess not.

Ang. And why should we proclaim it in an hour before his entering, that if any crave redress of injustice they should exhibit their petitions in the street?

Escal. He shows his reason for that: to have a despatch of complaints and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us.

Ang. Well, I beseech you, let it be proclaimed: Betimes i' the morn, I'll call you at your house. Give notice to such men of sort and suit As are to meet him.

Escal.

I shall, sir: fare you well.

[*Exit.*

Ang. Good night.—

This deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant,
And dull to all proceedings. A deflowered maid,
And by an eminent body, that enforced
The law against it !—But that her tender shame
Will not proclaim against her maiden loss,
How might she tongue me ! Yet reason dares her
no :

For my authority bears a credent bulk
That no particular scandal once can touch
But it confounds the breather. He should have
lived,

Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous sense,
Might in the times to come have ta'en revenge,
By so receiving a dishonoured life
With ransom of such shame. Would yet he had
lived !

Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right,—we would, and we would not.

[*Exit.*

SCENE V.—Fields without the Town

Enter DUKE, in his own habit, and Friar PETER

Duke. These letters at fit time deliver me.

[*Giving letters.*

The provost knows our purpose and our plot.
The matter being afoot, keep your instruction,
And hold you ever to our special drift ;
Though sometimes you do blench from this to that,
As cause doth minister. Go call at Flavius' house,
And tell him where I stay : give the like notice
To Valentinus, Rowland, and to Crassus,
And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate ;
But send me Flavius first.

Fri. Pet.

It shall be speeded well.

[*Exit.*

Enter VARRIUS

Duke. I thank thee, Varrius ; thou hast made
good haste :
Come, we will walk. There's other of our friends
Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrius.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—Street near the City Gate

Enter ISABELLA and MARIANA

Isab. To speak so indirectly I am loth :
I would say the truth ; but to accuse him so,
That is your part : yet I'm advised to do it,
He says, to veil full purpose.

Mari. Be ruled by him.

Isab. Besides, he tells me, that, if peradventure
He speak against me on the adverse side,
I should not think it strange ; for 't is a physic
That's bitter to sweet end.

Mari. I would, Friar Peter—

Isab. O, peace, the friar is come.

Enter Friar PETER

Fri. Pet. Come, I have found you out a stand
most fit,

Where you may have such vantage on the duke,
He shall not pass you. Twice have the trumpets
sounded :

The generous and gravest citizens
Have hent the gates, and very near upon
The duke is entering : therefore hence, away.

[*Eæeunt*]

ACT FIFTH

SCENE I.—A Public Place near the City Gate

MARIANA, *veiled*, ISABELLA, and *Friar* PETER, *behind*. *Enter on one side, the DUKE, in his own habit, VARRIUS, Lords ; from the other, ANGELO, ESCALUS, LUCIO, Provost, Officers and Citizens, at several doors*

Duke. My very worthy cousin, fairly met :—
Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to see you.
Ang. and Escal. Happy return be to your royal
grace !

Duke. Many and hearty thankings to you both.
We've made inquiry of you ; and we hear
Such goodness of your justice, that our soul
Cannot but yield you forth to public thanks
Forerunning more requital.

Ang. You make my bonds still greater.

Duke. O, your desert speaks loud ; and I should
wrong it,

To lock it in the wards of covert bosom,
When it deserves, with characters of brass,
A fortified residence 'gainst the tooth of time
And razure of oblivion. Give me your hand.

And let the subject see, to make them know
That outward courtesies would fain proclaim
Favours that keep within.—Come, Escalus ;
You must walk by us on our other hand :—
And good supporters are you.

Friar PETER and ISABELLA come forward

Fri. Pet. Now is your time. Speak loud, and
kneel before him.

Isab. Justice, O royal duke ! Vail your regard
Upon a wronged, I 'd fain have said, a maid !
O worthy prince, dishonour not your eye
By throwing it on any other object
Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
And given me justice, justice, justice, justice !

Duke. Relate your wrongs ; in what ? by whom ?
Be brief.

Here is Lord Angelo shall give you justice :
Reveal yourself to him.

Isab O worthy duke,
You bid me seek redemption of the devil.
Hear me yourself ; for that which I must speak
Must either punish me, not being believed,
Or wring redress from you. Hear me, O, hear me,
here !

Ang. My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm :

She hath been a suitor to me for her brother,
Out off by course of justice,—

Isab. By course of justice !

Ang. And she will speak most bitterly and
strange.

Isab. Most strange, but yet most truly will I
speak,

That Angelo's forsworn ; is it not strange ?

That Angelo's a murderer ; is't not strange ?

That Angelo is an adulterous thief,

An hypocrite, a virgin-violator ;

Is it not strange, and strange ?

Duke. Nay, it is ten times strange.

Isab. It is not truer he is Angelo,

Than this is all as true as it is strange ;

Nay, it is ten times true ; for truth is truth

To the end of reckoning.

Duke. Away with her.—Poor soul,

She speaks this in the infirmity of sense.

Isab. O prince, I conjure thee, as thou believ'st

There is another comfort than this world,

That thou neglect me not, with that opinion

That I am touched with madness. Make not
impossible

That which but seems unlike. 'T is not impossible

But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,

May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute,
 As Angelo ; even so may Angelo,
 In all his dressings, characts, titles, forms,
 Be an arch-villain ; believe it, royal prince :
 If he be less, he 's nothing ; but he 's more,
 Had I more name for badness.

Duke. By mine honesty,
 If she be mad, as I believe no other,
 Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,
 Such a dependency of thing on thing,
 As e'er I heard in madness.

Isab. O gracious duke,
 Harp not on that ; nor do not banish reason
 For inequality ; but let your reason serve
 To make the truth appear where it seems hid,
 And hide the false, seems true.

Duke. Many that are not mad,
 Have, sure, more lack of reason.—What would you
 say ?

Isab. I am the sister of one Claudio,
 Condemned upon the act of fornication
 To lose his head ; condemned by Angelo.
 I, in probation of a sisterhood,
 Was sent to by my brother ; one Lucio
 As then the messenger—

Lucio That 's I an't like your grace.

I came to her from Claudio, and desired her
To try her gracious fortune with Lord Angelo,
For her poor brother's pardon.

Isab. That's he, indeed.

Duke. You were not bid to speak.

Lucio. No, my good lord ;
Nor wished to hold my peace.

Duke. I wish you now then :
Pray you, take note of it ; and when you have
A business for yourself, pray Heaven, you then
Be perfect.

Lucio. I warrant your honour.

Duke. The warrant's for yourself : take heed
to it.

Isab. This gentleman told somewhat of my
tale,—

Lucio. Right.

Duke. It may be right ; but you are in the
wrong

To speak before your time.—Proceed.

Isab I went

To this pernicious caitiff deputy

Duke. That's somewhat madly spoken.

Isab. Pardon it :

The phrase is to the matter.

Duke. Mended again. The matter :—proceed.

Isab. In brief,—to set the needless process by,
How I persuaded, how I prayed, and kneeled,
How he refelled me, and how I replied,—
For this was of much length,—the vile conclusion
I now begin with grief and shame to utter.
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body
To his concupiscible intemperate lust,
Release my brother ; and, after much debatement,
My sisterly remorse confutes mine honour,
And I did yield to him : but the next morn be-
times,
His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant
For my poor brother's head.

Duke.

This is most likely !

Isab. O, that it were as like as it is true !

Duke. By Heaven, fond wretch ! thou know'st
not what thou speak'st,

Or else thou art suborned against his honour,
In hateful practice. First, his integrity
Stands without blemish ; next, it imports no
reason,

That with such vehemency he should pursue
Faults proper to himself : if he had so offended,
He would have weighed thy brother by himself,
And not have cut him off. Some one hath set
you on :

Confess the truth, and say by whose advice
Thou cam'st here to complain.

Isab.

And is this all?

Then, O, you blessed ministers above,
Keep me in patience ; and, with ripened time,
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up
In countenance !—Heaven shield your grace from
 woe,

As I, thus wronged, hence unbeliev'd go !

Duke. I know, you 'd fain be gone.—An officer !
To prison with her.—Shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall
On him so near us ? This needs must be practice.
Who knew of your intent, and coming hither ?

Isab. One that I would were here, Friar Lodo-
 wick.

Duke. A ghostly father, belike.—Who knows
 that Lodowick ?

Lucio. My lord, I know him : 't is a meddling
 friar ;

I do not like the man : had he been lay, my lord,
For certain words he spake against your grace
In your retirement, I had swung him soundly.

Duke. Words against me ? 'This' a good friar,
 belike !

And to set on this wretched woman here

Measure for Measure

Against our substitute !—Let this friar be found.

Lucio. But yesternight, my lord, she and that
friar,

I saw them at the prison. A saucy friar,
A very scurvy fellow.

Fri. Pet. Blessed be your royal grace !
I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abused. First, hath this woman
Most wrongfully accused your substitute,
Who is as free from touch or soil with her,
As she from one ungot.

Duke. We did believe no less.
Know you that Friar Lodowick, that she speaks of ?

Fri. Pet. I know him for a man divine and holy ;
Not scurvy, nor a temporary meddler,
As he's reported by this gentleman ;
And, on my trust, a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, misreport your grace.

Lucio. My lord, most villainously : believe it.

Fri. Pet. Well ; he in time may come to clear
himself,
But at this instant he is sick, my lord,
Of a strange fever. Upon his mere request,
Being come to knowledge that there was complaint
Intended 'gainst Lord Angelo, came I hither,
To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth know

Is true, and false ; and what he with his oath
And all probation, will make up full clear,
Whensoever he's convented. First, for this woman,
To justify this worthy nobleman,
So vulgarly and personally accused,
Her shall you hear disprov'd to her eyes,
Till she herself confess it.

Duke. Good friar, let's hear it.

[*ISABELLA is carried off guarded ; and*

MARIANA comes forward.

Do you not smile at this, Lord Angelo ?—
O heaven, the vanity of wretched fools !—
Give us some seats.—Come, cousin Angelo ;
In this I'll be impartial : be you judge
Of your own cause.—Is this the witness, friar ?
First, let her show her face, and after speak.

Mari. Pardon, my lord, I will not show my face
Until my husband bid me.

Duke. What, are you married ?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. Are you a maid ?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. A widow then ?

Mari. Neither, my lord.

Duke. Why, you

Are nothing then : neither maid, widow, nor wife.

Lucio. My lord, she may be a punk ; for many of them are neither maid, widow, nor wife.

Duke. Silence that fellow : I would, he had some cause

To prattle for himself.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Mari. My lord, I do confess I ne'er was married ;
And, I confess, besides, I am no maid :
I have known my husband, yet my husband knows
not

That ever he knew me.

Lucio. He was drunk then, my lord : it can be no better.

Duke. For the benefit of silence, would thou wert so too !

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Duke. This is no witness for Lord Angelo.

Mari. Now I come to 't, my lord.

She that accuses him of fornication,
In selfsame manner doth accuse my husband ;
And charges him, my lord, with such a time,
When, I'll depose, I had him in mine arms,
With all the effect of love.

Ang. Charges she more than me ?

Mari. Not that I know.

Duke. No ? you say, your husband.

Mari. Why, just, my lord, and that is Angelo,
Who thinks he knows that he ne'er knew my body,
But knows he thinks that he knows Isabel's.

Ang. This is a strange abuse.—Let's see thy
face.

Mari. My husband bids me ; now I will un-
mask. [Unveiling.

This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,
Which once thou swor'st was worth the looking on :
This is the hand which, with a vowed contract,
Was fast belocked in thine : this is the body
That took away the match from Isabel,
And did supply thee at thy garden-house
In her imagined person.

Duke. Know you this woman ?

Lucio. Carnally, she says.

Duke. Sirrah, no more.

Lucio. Enough, my lord.

Ang. My lord, I must confess, I know this
woman ;

And five years since there was some speech of
marriage

Betwixt myself and her, which was broke off,
Partly, for that her promised proportions
Came short of composition ; but, in chief,
For that her reputation was disvalued

In levity : since which time of five years
I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from
her,

Upon my faith and honour.

Mari. Noble prince,
As there comes light from heaven and words from
breath,

As there is sense in truth and truth in virtue,
I am affianced this man's wife, as strongly
As words could make up vows : and, my good
lord,

But Tuesday night last gone, in 's garden-house,
He knew me as a wife. As this is true,
Let me in safety raise me from my knees,
Or else for ever be confixéd here,
A marble monument.

Ang. I did but smile till now :
Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice ;
My patience here is touched. I do perceive,
These poor informal women are no more
But instruments of some more mightier member,
That sets them on. Let me have way, my lord,
To find this practice out.

Duke. Ay, with my heart ;
And punish them to your height of pleasure.—
Thou foolish friar, and thou pernicious woman,

Compact with her that's gone, think'st thou, thy
oaths,

Though they would swear down each particular
saint,

Were testimonies 'gainst his worth and credit,
That's sealed in approbation?—You, Lord Escalus,
Sit with my cousin: lend him your kind pains
To find out this abuse, whence 't is derived.—
There is another friar that set them on;
Let him be sent for.

Fri. Pet. 'Would he were here, my lord; for he,
indeed,

Hath set the women on to this complaint.
Your provost knows the place where he abides,
And he may fetch him.

Duke. Go, do it instantly.— [*Exit Provost.*
And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth,
Do with your injuries as seems you best,
In any chastisement: I for a while will leave you;
But stir not you, till you have well determined
Upon these slanderers.

Escal. My lord, we'll do it thoroughly. [*Exit*
DUKE.—Signior Lucio, did not you say, you knew
that Friar Lodowick to be a dishonest person?

Lucio. *Cucullus non facit monachum*; honest in

Measure for Measure

nothing, but in his clothes; and one that hath spoke most villainous speeches of the duke.

Escal. We shall entreat you to abide here till he come, and enforce them against him. We shall find this friar a notable fellow.

Lucio. As any in Vienna, on my word.

Escal. Call that same Isabel here once again: I would speak with her. [*Exit an Attendant.*] Pray you, my lord, give me leave to question; you shall see how I'll handle her.

Lucio. Not better than he, by her own report.

Escal. Say you?

Lucio. Marry, sir, I think, if you handled her privately, she would sooner confess: perchance, publicly she'll be ashamed.

Escal. I will go darkly to work with her.

Lucio. That's the way; for women are light at midnight.

Re-enter Officers, with ISABELLA

Escal. [*To ISAB.*] Come on, mistress. Here's a gentlewoman denies all that you have said.

Lucio. My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of; here, with the provost.

Escal. In very good time:—speak not you to him, till we call upon you.

Lucio. Mum.

Enter DUKE, disguised as a Friar, and Provost

Escal. Come, sir : did you set these women on to slander Lord Angelo ? they have confessed you did.

Duke. 'T is false.

Escal. How ! know you where you are ?

Duke. Respect to your great place ! and let the devil

Be sometime honoured for his burning throne.—
Where is the duke ? 't is he should hear me speak.

Escal. The duke's in us, and we will hear you speak :

Look you speak justly.

Duke. Boldly, at least.—But, O,
poor souls !

Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox ?
Good night to your redress. Is the duke gone ?
Then is your cause gone too. The duke's unjust,
Thus to retort your manifest appeal,
And put your trial in the villain's mouth
Which here you come to accuse.

Lucio. This is the rascal : this is he I spoke of.

Escal. Why, thou unreverend and unhallowed friar,

Is 't not enough, thou hast suborned these women

To accuse this worthy man, but, in foul mouth,
And in the witness of his proper ear,
To call him villain ?
And then to glance from him to the duke himself,
To tax him with injustice !—Take him hence ;
To the rack with him :—we'll touse you joint by
joint,

But we will know his purpose.—What, unjust ?

Duke. Be not so hot ; the duke
Dare no more stretch this finger of mine, than he
Dare rack his own : his subject am I not,
Nor here provincial. My business in this state
Made me a looker-on here in Vienna,
Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble,
Till it o'er-run the stew : laws for all faults,
But faults so countenanced, that the strong statutes
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,
As much in mock as mark.

Escal. Slander to the state !—Away with him
to prison.

Ang. What can you vouch against him, Signior
Lucio ?

Is this the man that you did tell us of ?

Lucio. 'Tis he, my lord.—Come hither, goodman
baldpate : do you know me ?

Duke. I remember you, sir, by the sound of your

voice : I met you at the prison, in the absence of the duke.

Lucio. O, did you so? And do you remember what you said of the duke?

Duke. Most notably, sir.

Lucio. Do you so, sir? And was the duke a fleshmonger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

Duke. You must, sir, change persons with me, ere you make that my report : you, indeed, spoke so of him ; and much more, much worse.

Lucio. O thou damnable fellow ! Did not I pluck thee by the nose, for thy speeches?

Duke. I protest, I love the duke as I love myself.

Ang. Hark, how the villain would close now, after his treasonable abuses.

Escal. Such a fellow is not to be talked withal :—Away with him to prison. Where is the provost?—Away with him to prison. Lay bolts enough upon him, let him speak no more.—Away with those gignots too, and with the other confederate companion.

[*The Provost lays hand on the DUKE.*]

Duke. Stay, sir ; stay awhile.

Ang. What ! resists he? Help him, Lucio.

Lucio. Come, sir ; come, sir ; come, sir ; foh !

sir. Why, you bald-pated, lying rascal ! you must be hooded, must you ? show your knave's visage, with a pox to you ! show your sheep-biting face, and be hanged an hour. Will 't not off ?

[*Pulls off the Friar's hood, and discovers the DUKE.*]

Duke. Thou art the first knave that e'er made a duke.—

First, provost, let me bail these gentle three.—

[*To LUCIO.*] Sneak not away, sir ; for the friar and you

Must have a word anon.—Lay hold on him.

Lucio. This may prove worse than hanging.

Duke. [*To ESCAL.*] What you have spoke, I pardon ; sit you down.

We'll borrow place of him.—[*To ANG.*] Sir, by your leave :

Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence,
That yet can do thee office ? If thou hast,
Rely upon it till my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out.

Ang. O my dread lord,
I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,
To think I can be undiscernible,
When I perceive your grace, like power divine,
Hath looked upon my passes. Then, good prince,
No longer session hold upon my shame,

But let my trial be mine own confession :
Immediate sentence then, and sequent death,
Is all the grace I beg.

Duke. Come hither, Mariana.—

Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman ?

Ang. I was, my lord.

Duke. Go take her hence, and marry her
instantly.—

Do you the office, friar ; which consummate,
Return him here again.—Go with him, provost.

[*Exeunt* ANGELO, MARIANA, *Friar* PETER,
and Provost.

Escal. My lord, I am more amazed at his dis-
honour,

Than at the strangeness of it.

Duke. Come hither, Isabel.

Your friar is now your prince : as I was then
Advertising and holy to your business,
Not changing heart with habit, I am still
Attorneyed at your service.

Isab. O, give me pardon,
That I, your vassal, have employed and pained
Your unknown sovereignty !

Duke. You are pardoned, Isabel :
And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.
Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart ;

And you may marvel, why I obscured myself,
Labouring to save his life, and would not rather
Make rash remonstrance of my hidden power,
Than let him so be lost. O most kind maid,
It was the swift celerity of his death,
Which I did think with slower foot came on,
That brained my purpose: but now peace be with
him!

That life is better life, past fearing death,
Than that which lives to fear: make it your com-
fort,

So happy is your brother.

Isab.

I do, my lord.

*Re-enter ANGELO, MARIANA, Friar PETER, and
Provost*

Duke. For this new-married man, approaching
here,

Whose salt imagination yet hath wronged
Your well-defended honour, you must pardon
For Mariana's sake. But, as he adjudged your
brother,—

Being criminal, in double violation
Of sacred chastity, and of promise-breach,
Thereon dependent, for your brother's life—
The very mercy of the law cries out

Most audible, even from his proper tongue,
'An Angelo for Claudio, death for death !'
Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure,
Like doth quit like, and Measure still for Measure.
Then, Angelo, thy fault thus manifested,—
Which, though thou wouldst deny, denies thee
vantage,—

We do condemn thee to the very block
Where Claudio stooped to death, and with like
haste.—

Away with him.

Mari. O my most gracious lord,
I hope you will not mock me with a husband.

Duke. It is your husband mocked you with a
husband.

Consenting to the safeguard of your honour,
I thought your marriage fit ; else imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life,
And choke your good to come. For his possessions,
Although by confiscation they are ours,
We do instate and widow you withal,
To buy you a better husband.

Mari. O my dear lord,
I crave no other, nor no better man.

Duke. Never crave him : we are definitive.

Mari. Gentle my liege,— [Kneeling.

Duke. You do but lose your labour.
Away with him to death.—[*To LUCIO.*] Now, sir,
to you.

Mari. O my good lord !—Sweet Isabel, take my
part :

Lend me your knees, and all my life to come
I'll lend you all my life to do you service.

Duke. Against all sense you do importune her :
Should she kneel down in mercy of this fact,
Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,
And take her hence in horror.

Mari. Isabel,
Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me :
Hold up your hands, say nothing, I'll speak all.
They say, best men are moulded out of faults,
And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad : so may my husband.
O Isabel, will you not lend a knee ?

Duke. He dies for Claudio's death.

Isab. Most bounteous sir,
[*Kneeling.*

Look, if it please you, on this man condemned,
As if my brother lived. I partly think,
A due sincerity governed his deeds,
Till he did look on me : since it is so,
Let him not die. My brother had but justice,

Mari. Merely, my lord.
Duke. Your suit's unprofitable: stand up, I say.—

Prov. It was commanded so.

Prov. No, my good lord: it was by private message.

Duke. For which I do discharge you of your office :

Prov. Pardon me, noble lord :

145

Duke. What's he?

Prov. His name is Barnardine.

Duke. I would thou hadst done so by Claudio.—
Go fetch him hither : let me look upon him.

[*Exit Provost.*]

Escal. I am sorry, one so learned and so wise
As you, Lord Angelo, have still appeared,
Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood,
And lack of tempered judgment afterward.

Ang. I am sorry that such sorrow I procure ;
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly than mercy :
'Tis my deserving, and I do entreat it.

*Re-enter Provost, BARNARDINE, CLAUDIO, muffled,
and JULIET*

Duke. Which is that Barnardine?

Prov. This, my lord.

Duke. There was a friar told me of this man.—
Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul,
That apprehends no further than this world,
And squar'st thy life according. Thou'rt con-
demned ;

But, for those earthly faults, I quit them all,
And pray thee, take this mercy to provide
For better times to come.—Friar, advise him :

I leave him to your hand.—What muffled fellow's
that?

Prov. This is another prisoner that I saved,
That should have died when Claudio lost his
head,

As like almost to Claudio as himself.

[*Unmuffles* CLAUDIO.]

Duke. [*To ISAB.*] If he be like your brother, for
his sake

Then is he pardoned ; and for your lovely sake
Give me your hand, and say you will be mine,
He is my brother too. But fitter time for that.
By this Lord Angelo perceives he's safe :
Methinks I see a quickening in his eye.—
Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well :
Look that you love your wife ; her worth, worth
yours.—

I find an apt remission in myself,
And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon.—
[*To LUCIO.*] You, sirrah, that knew me for a fool,
a coward,

One all of luxury, an ass, a madman :
Wherein have I so deservéd of you,
That you extol me thus?

Lucio. Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according
to the trick. If you will hang me for it, you may ;

but I had rather it would please you, I might be whipped.

Duke. Whipped first, sir, and hanged after.—
Proclaim it, provost, round about the city,
If any woman's wronged by this lewd fellow—
As I have heard him swear himself there's one
Whom he begot with child—let her appear,
And he shall marry her: the nuptial finished,
Let him be whipped and hanged.

Lucio. I beseech your highness, do not marry
me to a whore! Your highness said even now, I
made you a duke: good my lord, do not recompense
me in making me a cuckold.

Duke. Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry her.
Thy slanders I forgive; and therewithal
Remit thy other forfeits.—Take him to prison,
And see our pleasure herein executed.

Lucio. Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to
death, whipping, and hanging.

Duke. Slandering a prince deserves it.—
She, Claudio, that you wronged, look you restore.
Joy to you, Mariana!—love her, Angelo:
I have confessed her, and I know her virtue.—
Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much good-
ness:

There's more behind that is more grate.

Thanks, provost, for thy care, and secrecy ;
We shall employ thee in a worthier place.—
Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home
The head of Ragozine for Claudio's :
The offence pardons itself.—Dear Isabel,
I have a motion much imports your good ;
Whereto if you 'll a willing ear incline,
What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine.—
So, bring us to our palace ; where we 'll show
What's yet behind, that's meet you all should
know. [*Exeunt.*

NOTES

I. i. p. 18. **Terms.**—Blackstone says that *terms* occurs in the “technical language” of the law courts; and he mentions that an old book, called *Les Termes de la Ley* (written in Henry VIII.’s time) was in Shakspeare’s days, and is now, the accidence of young students in the law.

I. i. p. 19. **Mortality and mercy in Vienna live in thy tongue and heart.**—“The power of sentencing to death is hereby given to thy word; the right to reprieve, to thy good feeling.”

I. i. p. 20. **Bring you something on the way.**—“Take you some distance on the way.”

I. ii. p. 22. **There went but a pair of shears between us.**—An old proverbial saying, tantamount to “We are both of a piece,” or, “We were both cut from the same stuff.”

I. iii. p. 23. **Save that we do the denunciation lack of outward order.**—“Except that we have not made the proclamation according to external and legal form.”

I. iii. p. 29. **Nineteen zodiacs.**—*Zodiac*, the track of the sun through an imaginary belt in the sky enclosing the twelve constellations represented by signs. It is here poetically used to express a revolving year; and Claudio speaks of nineteen of these years during which the penal law has been suffered to remain unenforced, though the Duke in the next scene more correctly states their number to be “fourteen.”

I. iii. p. 29. **Receive her approbation.**—Enter upon her probation, or noviciate.

Notes

I. iii. p. 29. **Prone and speechless dialect.**—A deferential supplicatory manner; just the appealing look that would accompany "*speechless dialect*, such as moves men."

I. iv. p. 32. **To do it slander.**—To draw down abuse upon me.

I. v. p. 35. **Bore many gentlemen . . . in hand.**—To *bear in hand*: to beguile or lead on by false expectations.

I. v. p. 36. **To give fear to use and liberty.**—To intimidate and check abuses grown customary and over-free.

II. i. p. 39. **Some run from brakes of ice, &c.**—The best interpretation of this puzzling passage is that of Mr. Francis J. Payne in *The Academy* of March 16 and April 13, 1907, and of Mr. Philip Perring in *The Academy*, March 27, that *ice* means "chastity"—cf. "The very ice of chastity," *As You Like It*, III. iv. p. 89; "boys of ice," *All's Well*, II. iii. p. 63, and *brakes* means "curbs" or "bits"; so that Shakspeare says: "Some run from [or throw aside] all restraints of chastity, and are not called to any account, whilst some are condemned for a single fault." If any one prefers the meaning of "breaks, fractures" for Shakspeare's *brakes*, Mr. Payne's interpretation still holds good.

II. i. p. 40. **This comes off well.**—A phrase in common use to signify "This is well delivered or expressed."

II. i. p. 43. **Bunch of Grapes.**—The name of a room. It was customary to name the various rooms in taverns.

II. i. p. 45. **Justice or Iniquity.**—These were the names given to two of the characters in the old Morality Plays; and are applied here to the Constable-prosecutor and the Crown-delinquent.

II. ii. p. 56. **Spleens.**—In Elizabethan and early times the principal organs of the body were accredited with various properties or faculties; love, nowadays seated

Notes

in the heart, had its rise in the liver in those days. In the heart was the repose of wisdom. The brain possessed the senses of feeling. The spleen, now thought of only as synonymous for bitterness, was also the seat of laughter. Hence Isabella's words:—

Who, with our spleens,

Would all themselves laugh mortal."

(See *Mediæval Lore*, "King's Classics," Ed. Robert Steele.)

II. ii. p. 59. **Corrupt with virtuous season.**—"Putrefy as carrion does when exposed to the same sun that brings the violet to perfection."

II. iv. p. 65. **Rather give my body than my soul.**—"Rather give my body to death than my soul to perdition."

II. iv. p. 66. **In the loss of question.**—"For argument's sake."

III. i. p. 77. **The delighted spirit.**—This epithet *delighted* has needlessly puzzled the commentators. It parallels "this sensible warm motion" of the previous line, and means, the spirit capable of delight, full of delight in the joys of life and the world, in contrast with its future bath "in fiery floods," or residence in "thick-ribbed ice."

III. i. p. 82. **Bestowed her on her own lamentation.**—Used in the sense of "gave her up to," "cast her upon"; and *lamentation* poetically represents that grief which, like a mourning garb, or widow's weeds, the forsaken Mariana "yet wears for his sake."

III. ii. p. 89. **The greater file of the subject.**—"The majority of his subjects."

III. ii. p. 95. **Pattern in himself to know, grace to stand, and virtue go.**—An elliptical phrase, meaning: "Should be himself a pattern whereby to know how grace ought to bear itself, and how virtue should proceed."

IV. i. p. 96. **My mirth it much displeased, but pleased my woe.**—"It did not tend to make me merry, but it soothed my grief."

IV. i. p. 98. **In action all of precept.**—"Conveying all his directions in action rather than in speech."

IV. ii. p. 106. **Nine years old.**—"Of nine years' duration."

IV. ii. p. 110. **Unfolding.**—This epithet, applied to the morning star, poetically serves to indicate the time for the shepherd to send his sheep forth from the fold, and to picture the planet revealing itself to the sight of those looking for the approach of dawn.

IV. iii. p. 110. **I am as well acquainted.**—"I am as well off for acquaintances."

IV. iii. p. 111. **"For the Lord's sake."**—This was the cry of the imprisoned debtors begging alms of passers-by, and might have been heard any day as the poor prisoners crowded at the bars of Ludgate Prison.

IV. iii. p. 114. **The under generation.**—"All those who live on the earth under the sun."

IV. iii. p. 117. **I'll perfect him withal.**—"I'll make him perfectly acquainted with."

IV. iii. p. 117. **He lives not in them.**—"His reputation does not depend upon them."

IV. iv. p. 119. **Sort and suit.**—"Select condition and suitable rank."

V. i. p. 133. **Her promised proportions came short of composition.**—"Her fortune, promised to be in proportion with mine, came short of what was compounded for, or agreed upon."

V. i. p. 135. **Cucullus non facit monachum.**—"The hood does not make the monk." A Latin proverb.

V. i. p. 138. **Forfeits in a barber's shop.**—It was formerly the custom to have a list of regulations, with the forfeits (or fines) imposed for breaking them, hung up in barbers' shops, the common resort of idlers; but being of a comic character, and there being no real authority to enforce them, these *forfeits* were held in little reverence and stood "as much in mock as mark."

Notes

V. i. p. 141. **Advertising and holy to your business.**
—*Advertising*, if derived from the Latin *adverto*, means regardful, observant; if from the French *avertir*, it means monitory, vigilant, to warn and give information; and this is the sense in which Shakspeare generally uses “advertise” and “advertisement.” Here the word is probably intended to convey somewhat of all the above meanings. *Holy* stands for “devoted,” “consecrated.”

V. i. p. 147. **Your evil quits you well.**—“Your course of evil leaves you befittingly.”

GLOSSARY

- Absolute:** decided, firm. III. i. p. 71; perfect or complete in excellence. V. i. p. 126.
- Abuse:** delusion. V. i. p. 133.
- Accommodations:** luxuries. III. i. p. 72.
- Accompt:** reckoning. IV. ii. p. 65.
- Advertise:** proclaim, state. I. i. p. 19.
- Advice:** consideration. V. i. p. 145.
- Advised:** aware. (Fr. : *avisé*.) II. ii. p. 57.
- Affection:** feeling, impulse. II. iv. p. 70.
- Affections:** passions. III. i. p. 76.
- Am put:** have cause. I. i. p. 17.
- Appointment:** preparation. III. i. p. 74.
- Assay:** try, exert. I. v. p. 86.
- Avail:** gain advantage. III. i. p. 82.
- Aves:** acclamations: Lat.: *Ave* — Hail! I. i. p. 20.
- Bane:** "proper —," own poison or destruction. I. iii. p. 27.
- Bark:** strip off. III. i. p. 74.
- Bastard:** the name of a sweet and heady Spanish wine. III. ii. p. 84.
- Bay:** an architectural term for a certain division of a building. Coles' Latin Dictionary defines it, *mensura 24 pedum*. II. i. p. 47.
- Beholding:** beholden. IV. iii. p. 117.
- Belongings:** endowments. I. i. p. 19.
- Billets:** small logs of wood. IV. iii. p. 112.
- Bite the law by the nose:** treat the law contemptuously. III. i. p. 76.
- Blench:** deviate. IV. v. p. 121.
- Boot:** advantage, gain. II. iv. p. 63.
- Bosom:** heart's desire. IV. iii. p. 116.
- Brakes:** curbs, checks. II. i. p. 39. [See Notes.]
- Bravery:** finery. I. iv. p. 30.
- Breeds with it:** grows by reason of it. II. ii. p. 57.
- Cardinally:** Elbow's blunder for 'carnally.' II. i. p. 41.
- Cast:** sounded. III. i. p. 76.
- Censure:** sentence. II. i. p. 38.
- Censured:** sentenced. I. v. p. 36.
- Character:** handwriting. IV. ii. p. 109.
- Characts:** distinctive characteristics. V. i. p. 126.
- Circumured:** walled about. IV. i. p. 97.
- Clack-dish:** a wooden platter with a movable cover, held by lepers and other beggars to receive alms, and which they clacked to attract notice. III. ii. p. 89.
- Clap:** begin at once. IV. iii. p. 112.
- Close:** reserved, uncommunicative. IV. iii. p. 112; make peace. V. i. p. 139.
- Cold:** restrained. II. ii. p. 52.
- Combinat:** betrothed. III. i. p. 81.
- Combined:** bound. IV. iii. p. 117.
- Commodity:** bundle, quantity. IV. iii. p. 110.
- Common houses:** brothels. II. i. p. 39.

Glossary

- Compact:** joined in conspiracy. V. i. p. 135.
- Complete:** fully armed. I. iv. p. 30.
- Complexion:** mind. III. i. p. 72.
- Composition:** terms of peace. I. ii. p. 21.
- Concerning her observance:** that she should observe. IV. i. p. 98.
- Confixed:** fixed. V. i. p. 134.
- Constantly:** firmly. IV. i. p. 97.
- Convented:** summoned. V. i. p. 131.
- Countenance:** deceptive appearance. V. i. p. 129.
- Creations:** natures. II. iv. p. 68.
- Credent bulk:** considerable credit. IV. iv. p. 120.
- Defiance:** refusal. III. i. p. 78.
- Definitive:** resolved. V. i. p. 143.
- Denunciation:** proclamation. I. ii. p. 23. [See Notes.]
- Deputation:** deputyship. I. i. p. 18.
- Desperately mortal:** doomed here and hereafter. IV. ii. p. 107.
- Determined:** limited, bounded. III. i. p. 74.
- Determines:** allots. I. i. p. 19.
- Detest:** Elbow's blunder for 'protest.' II. i. p. 40.
- Discover:** expose. III. i. p. 80.
- Discover:** recognise. IV. ii. p. 108.
- Dispenses with:** excuses. III. i. p. 78.
- Disvalued:** depreciated. V. i. p. 133.
- Disvouched:** contradicted. IV. iv. p. 119.
- Drawn in:** taken in, swindled. II. i. p. 46.
- Dribbling:** trifling, ineffectual (technical term in archery). I. iv. p. 30.
- Eld:** age, aged people. III. i. p. 73.
- Enmew:** encage (technical term in falconry). III. i. p. 75.
- Enshield:** concealed. II. iv. p. 66.
- Enskied:** dwelling in heaven. I. iv. p. 34.
- Entertain:** crave for. III. i. p. 75.
- Escapes:** sallies. IV. i. p. 99.
- Evils:** privies. II. ii. p. 59.
- Fact:** deed, crime. IV. ii. p. 107.
- Fall:** fell, throw down. II. i. p. 37.
- Fallible:** groundless. III. i. p. 79.
- False:** illegal. II. iv. p. 65.
- Falsely:** illegally. II. iv. p. 64.
- Favour:** appearance. IV. ii. pp. 101, 108.
- Fear:** frighten. II. i. p. 37.
- Fedary:** originally feudal vassal; also signifies a confederate, used here for 'one of the human race.' II. iv. p. 68.
- Fewness:** in few words. I. v. p. 34.
- Flaws:** gusts, sudden blasts, here used for 'failings,' 'faults.' II. iii. p. 63.
- Flourish:** decorate, adorn. IV. i. p. 100.
- Foison:** plenty. I. iv. p. 35.
- Fond:** foolish. II. ii. p. 58; V. i. p. 123.
- Foppery:** folly. I. iii. p. 27.
- For:** because. II. i. p. 38.
- Forfeit:** transgress, offend. (Fr. : *forfaire*.) III. ii. p. 92.
- Free:** liberal. V. i. p. 141.
- French crown:** a bald head, resulting from some cutaneous disease. I. ii. p. 23.
- General:** populace. II. iv. p. 63.
- Generous:** high-born, of noble rank. IV. vi. p. 122.
- Getting:** begetting. III. ii. p. 89.
- Ghostly:** spiritual. IV. iii. p. 112.
- Giglots:** wantons. V. i. p. 139.
- Glassy:** used to express both the reflecting power and the fragility of a mirror. II. ii. p. 56.
- Granga:** a granary. III. i. p. 83.

Glossary

- Gratulate:** subject for congratulation. V. i. p. 148.
- Guards:** trimming, ornamental facings. III. i. p. 76.
- Gyves:** fetters. IV. i. p. 100.
- Hannibal:** Elbow's blunder for 'cannibal.' II. i. p. 45.
- Heavy:** slumberous, drowsy. IV. i. p. 97.
- Helmed:** steered, guided. III. ii. p. 90.
- Hent:** taken possession of. IV. vi. p. 122.
- Home:** fully, "up to the hilt." IV. iii. p. 117.
- Hot-house:** warm-bath house. II. i. p. 40.
- Ignomy:** ignominy. II. iv. p. 67.
- Imposition:** penalties. I. iii. p. 30.
- Informal:** deranged. V. i. p. 134.
- Insensible to:** indifferent about. IV. ii. p. 107.
- Instance:** here used for 'intimation.' IV. iii. p. 116.
- Invention:** imagination. II. iii. p. 62.
- Inward:** intimate. III. ii. p. 89.
- Journal:** daily. (Fr.: *journalier*.) IV. iii. p. 114.
- Keep'st:** dwells. I. iii. p. 72.
- Know:** reflect, consider. II. i. p. 38.
- Lapwing:** a bird that diverts attention from its nest by flitting away silently, and crying from another spot. I. v. p. 84.
- Leavened:** ripened. I. i. p. 20.
- Leiger:** *resident* ambassador. III. i. p. 74.
- Like:** likely to be believed. V. i. p. 128.
- Limit:** appointed time. III. i. p. 81.
- Limited:** fixed, appointed. IV. ii. p. 108.
- List:** selvedge. I. ii. p. 22.
- Lists:** limits, bounds. I. i. p. 17.
- Lower chair:** easy chair. II. i. p. 43.
- Luxury:** lust. V. i. p. 147.
- Mealed:** mingled, mixed. (Fr.: *mêlé*.) IV. ii. p. 104.
- Mere:** particular. V. i. p. 130.
- Moe:** more. III. i. p. 73.
- Mother:** prioress. I. v. p. 37.
- Motion generative:** Theobald's emendation, *ungenerative*. III. ii. p. 88.
- Motions:** impulses. I. v. p. 85.
- Mystery:** trade. IV. ii. p. 101.
- Nature:** the realm of nature. II. ii. p. 64.
- Obstruction:** congealing of the blood. III. i. p. 77.
- Opposite:** opponent. III. ii. p. 91.
- Owe:** own, possess. I. v. p. 31; II. iv. p. 68.
- Pace:** exercise. IV. iii. p. 116.
- Pain:** penalty. II. iv. p. 66.
- Parcel-bawd:** part bawd. II. i. p. 40.
- Part:** "my — in him," my government deputed to him. I. i. p. 19.
- Passes:** proceedings. V. i. p. 140.
- Passing on:** passing sentence on. II. i. p. 88.
- Peaches:** impeaches. IV. iii. p. 110.
- Pelting:** paltry. II. ii. p. 56.
- Perdurably fined:** everlastingly punished. III. i. p. 77.
- Perfect:** blameless, immaculate. V. i. p. 127.
- Planned:** planked, made of boards. IV. i. p. 97.
- Pluck on:** draw sword on. II. iv. p. 69.
- Possessed:** informed. IV. i. p. 98.
- Practice:** plot. V. i. pp. 128, 129.
- Precise:** thorough. II. i. p. 40.
- Prefers itself:** takes precedence of all other matters. I. i. p. 20.
- Pregnant:** proficient. I. i. p. 18; self-evident. II. i. p. 38.
- Presently:** immediately. IV. iii. p. 113.
- Preserved:** kept pure. II. ii. p. 58.
- Prints:** impressions. II. iv. p. 68.

Glossary

- Probation:** proof. V. i. p. 131.
Profanation: Elbow's blunder for 'profession.' II. i. p. 40.
Prolifious: superfluous, hindering. II. iv. p. 70.
Prompture: incitement, instigation. II. iv. p. 70.
Propagation: increase by remaining at interest. I. iii. p. 23.
Proper: exclusively. I. i. p. 19.
Proper to: belonging to, committed by. V. i. p. 128.
Proportion: measure. I. ii. p. 22.
Provok'st: invokest. III. i. p. 72.
Putting on: urging, incitement. IV. ii. p. 106.
Qualify: lower, bring down. IV. ii. p. 104.
Quality: profession, avocation. II. i. p. 40.
Question: consideration. I. i. p. 19.
Quests: spyings. IV. i. p. 99.
Quit: acquit, forgive. V. i. p. 146.
Race: disposition. II. iv. p. 70.
Ravin down: devour eagerly. I. iii. p. 27.
Rebate: repress. I. iv. p. 35.
Received: understood. II. iv. p. 66.
Refelled: repulsed. V. i. p. 127.
Remission: "apt —," readiness to pardon. V. i. p. 147.
Remit: pardon. IV. ii. p. 64.
Remonstrance: demonstration. V. i. p. 142.
Remorse: compassion. II. ii. p. 53; V. i. p. 128.
Remove: "in our —," during our absence. I. i. p. 19.
Residence: "forted —," residence fortified. V. i. p. 123.
Resolution: courage. III. i. p. 79.
Resolve: inform. III. i. p. 80.
Resolved: reconciled. III. ii. p. 94.
Respected: Elbow's blunder for 'suspected.' II. i. p. 44.
Restrained: forbidden. II. iv. p. 65.
Salt: impure, lustful. V. i. p. 142.
Satisfy: sustain. III. i. p. 79.
Saucy: wanton. II. iv. p. 64.
Scaled: weighed in the scales, i.e. tried. III. i. p. 83.
Scope: liberty. I. iii. p. 27.
Sects: classes. II. ii. p. 50.
Security: legal 'securities.' III. ii. p. 93.
See: Rome. IV. ii. p. 93.
Seeming: hypocrisy. II. iv. p. 69.
Serpigo: a cutaneous disorder. III. i. p. 72.
Sheep-biting: thievish. V. i. p. 140.
Shrawd: evil, harsh. II. i. p. 43.
Siege: official seat. IV. ii. p. 105.
Sister: a nun. II. iv. p. 63.
Snatches: sallies of wit, repartee. IV. ii. p. 100.
Soul: liking. I. i. p. 18.
Splay: castrate. II. i. p. 47.
Stands at a guard with: guards himself against. I. iv. p. 32.
Stead: serve. I. iv. p. 34.
Stew: cauldron. V. i. p. 138.
Story: subject of jest or mockery. I. v. p. 84.
Stricture: strictness, rigorous conduct. I. iv. p. 31.
Stroke: a ruled pen mark. IV. ii. p. 104.
Success: "my —," the result of my interview. I. v. p. 37.
Succeed: inherit. II. iv. p. 63.
Sufferance: suffering. III. ii. p. 75.
Sufficient: of sufficient capacity. II. i. p. 48.
Supposed: clown's blunder for 'deposed.' II. i. p. 44.
Sweat: sweating-sickness. I. ii. p. 25.
Sweetness: self-indulgence. II. iv. p. 64.
Swinged: whipped. V. i. p. 129.
Temporary meddler: meddler in temporary or worldly affairs. V. i. p. 130.
Tick-tack: properly backgammon; here used equivocally. I. iii. p. 80.

Glossary

- Tickle:** insecurely. I. iii. p. 29.
Tilth: tillage. I. iv. p. 35.
Touches: faults, vices. III. ii. p. 85.
Touse: pull, tear. V. i. p. 138.
Trade: custom, usual practice. III. i. p. 78.
Trick: idle fashion. V. i. p. 147.
Tub: sweating tub, used as a cure. III. ii. p. 86.
Tun-dish: funnel. III. ii. p. 91.
Ungot: unbegotten. V. i. p. 130.
Unpregnant: inapt, disqualified. IV. iv. p. 120.
Unshunned: inevitable. III. ii. p. 86.
Unsisting: (probably) powerless to resist. IV. ii. p. 104.
Use: usury, interest. I. i. p. 19.
Yail: lower, bend down. V. i. p. 124.
Vain: vanity. II. iv. p. 68.
Vantage: "denies th'e —," will be of no avail. V. i. p. 143.
Vastidity: vastness. III. i. p. 74.
Vlewless: invisible. III. i. p. 77.
Virtuous: beneficial. II. ii. p. 59.
Voice: name. I. iii. p. 29.
Vulgarly: publicly. V. i. p. 131.
Warp: deviate. I. i. p. 18.
Wear: fashion. III. ii. p. 87.
Widow: give as jointure. V. i. p. 143.
Wilderness: wildness. III. i. p. 78.
Woodman: hunter (of female game). IV. iii. p. 118.
Yare: ready. IV. ii. p. 102.

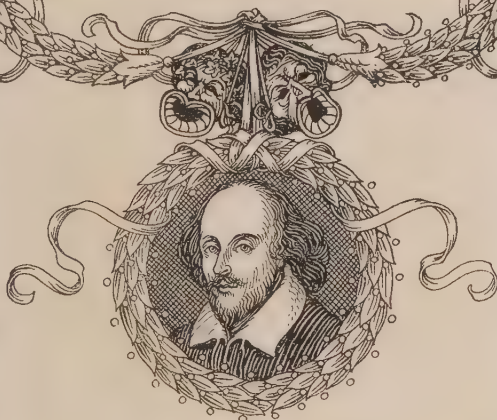


J. D. WATSON. PINT.

Shylock and Portia.

SHAKESPEARE

THE MERCHANT
OF VENICE



1908

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION	9
TEXT OF PLAY	23
NOTES	147
GLOSSARY	153
MAP (SHOWING SCENE OF PLAY)	156

CONTENTS

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION	9
TEXT OF PLAY	23
NOTES	147
GLOSSARY	153
MAP (SHOWING SCENE OF PLAY)	156

INTRODUCTION

BY

F. J. FURNIVALL, M.A., Ph.D., D.Litt.

ASSISTED BY JOHN MUNRO

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE (? 1596).—We turn from the rain-green level meads of France, which we find in Shakspeare's preceding play of *King John*, from our own murky land—and yet a land like Venice is a city, a precious stone set in the silver sea—to the sunlit Venice of Italy—

“The glorious city of the sea:

The sea is in the broad, the narrow streets
Ebbing and flowing, and the salt sea-weed
Clings to the marble of her palaces.”—*Rogers*.

We turn to

“Padua, where the stars are night by night
Watched from the top of an old dungeon tower,
Whence blood ran once—the tower of Ezzelin.”—*Rogers*.

And we are greeted here; too, with a parent's cry for a lost child; but whereas in *John* it was the mother's pathetic, passionate grief for her reft boy, the dearest thing to her on earth, in heaven; in *The Merchant* it is the father's fierce and selfish curse on his girl, flesh of his flesh and bone of his bone, and yet far less dear to him

Introduction

than his gold. Here, too, we have an appeal for a life, a cry for mercy to the condemned. In *John* it was from Arthur's lips; in *The Merchant* it is from Portia's—sweet sources both—and in each case the life is saved: in *John* by a man's true heart, in *The Merchant* by a woman's ready wit. Other links there are between the plays. The sadness or melancholy of which Arthur speaks in *John*, Act IV., sc. i.—

“I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness”—

is echoed in Antonio's first speech in the very first line of *The Merchant*—

“In sooth, I know not why I am so sad,”

in Salanio's and Salarino's echoes of that; and in Antonio's—

“I hold the world
A stage, where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.”

while Portia's first speech, “By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is aweary of this great world,” and Jessica's “I am never merry when I hear sweet music,” repeat the same thought. Yet here (as Mr. Munro says), “in Shakspeare's second period, sadness is but a cloud-shadow on an infinite sea of joy—of joy in the positive forces of the world, the beauty and tenderness of women, and the strength and comradeship of man; of faith in all the highest qualities of the human

Introduction

heart, compassion and love and mercy. All things may yet be reconciled, and virtue will prevail: the cunning and ferocity, the anxiety and the suffering of *The Merchant of Venice* are lost and forgotten in that last scene, full of rhythmic rapture, where voice even is found to utter the silver moonlight sleeping on a bank." Gratiano may be compared with Falconbridge; Blanche, having to choose between her uncle and her bridegroom, with Portia having to choose between her husband's honour and her bridal joys; the loss of John's forces in the Wash, to that of Antonio's ships on the Goodwin Sands, etc. But that the play is a splendid advance on *John*, no reader will question. We have here no want of climax, no loose thread of dramatic action, as in *John*. The three plots of Antonio and Shylock, Portia and Bassanio, Jessica and Lorenzo, are interwoven and worked through with consummate skill.

As we find in *Midsummer-Night's Dream* a great outburst of fancy, in *Romeo and Juliet* a great outburst of passion, in *Richard II.* of patriotism and rhetoric, combined in *John* with pathos, in *Richard III.* a great outburst of intensity, so here we see, not one feeling dominating all the rest, but a symphony of grace and fierceness, mercy and vengeance, friendship and love and fiend-like hate, of wit and humour too, all harmonised by the quiet strains of Heaven's own choir of stars. The play is a picture, glowing with the hues of the Italian sky and sea, and the gemmed palaces which reflect their glory; a creation beautiful as the visions of Venice that Turner painted, yet firm as

Introduction

earth, solid as flesh, pulsing with life, like blood. If we turn back to *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, the first play in which Shakspeare dealt with this passionate, scheming, Italian nature, we shall see how he has advanced. If we turn forward to the great Venetian play of his Third Period, *Othello*, we shall see to what greater height, to what lower deep, he had to pass. *The Merchant of Venice* is the first full Shakspeare. The only blemish on the play—the seemingly tedious casket-scenes—become almost its brightest gems, when an actress of genius like Miss Ellen Terry puts into them the wonderful by-play that she used to create when playing the part. The hero of the piece is undoubtedly Shylock. The first entry of the play in the Stationers' Registers is the *Merchant of Venice*, otherwise called the *Jew of Venice*. And beside the gracious figure of Portia, that of the cursing Shylock ever stands. But as Antonio's friendship is the occasion for the display of Shylock's character, and triumphs over his hate, the play is justifiably called *The Merchant of Venice*. The Jews were banisht from England in 1290¹ and Holinshed relates how the captain who took away the richest of them drownd them all in the Thames, and

¹ Shakspeare may well have known, and must have known of, the Portuguese Jew physician Lopez, who, with other Portuguese, was hung and quartered while alive on 7th June, 1594, for conspiring to poison Queen Elizabeth (Stow's *Annals*, pp. 1274, 1278, ed. 1605). Lopez was before in Leicester's household, and James Burbage, the father, was one of Leicester's players. Lopez's chief rival was the Pretender, Don Antonio. Lopez was brought into other plays. See Mr. S. L. Lee's paper in *Gent's Mag.*, Jan., 1880. Mr. Lee has since found at the Record Office the record of the beginning of a trial of another Jew in England about this time.

Introduction

he implies that this act was approved by many Englishmen even in Elizabeth's time. Shylock's tribal hatred of Antonio and the Christians was surely wholly justified, and so was his individual hatred to a great extent. A cur when kickt will bite when he sees a chance. It is only the hate that springs from avarice in Shylock that we can condemn. That his whole hate was intense we may judge by his risking 3,000 ducats, dearer to him than his daughter's life,¹ to gratify it. The hereditary self-restraint in the man, and his hypocrisy, "O, father Abram, what these Christians are" (I. iii. p. 44), etc., are noticeable—the latter point matches Richard the Third's "I thank my God for my humility." His appeal to justice, "Hath not a Jew eyes," etc., is unanswerable, and is not yet admitted in many a land calling itself civilised. For how short a time, alas, have we admitted it! That wonderful scene with Tubal in Act III., sc. i., Shylock's gloating over his revenge, his subduing his avarice to it, his self-possession in defeat, are all work of the first order. But at last comes, "I am not well," and one wishes he had been spared the spiteful punishment of being made a Christian. His was a strong nature, capable of good; 'tis the fallen angel who makes the worst devil; but devil or not, Shylock carries our sympathies with him.²

¹ I do not forget the redeeming, "The patch is kind enough," and "I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor" (III. i. 83). Shylock could care for love, as well as revenge, before money; but it wasn't love for his girl.

² Miss J. Lee pleads that he was a near relation of Marlowe's Barabas: "the more I think of the two plays the more I believe that here is another debt owed by Shakspeare to Marlowe. In Acts I., II., V. of the *Jew of Malta*, Barabas is a grand old fellow."

Introduction

As to Portia, we shall all agree with Jessica, "The poor rude world hath not her fellow." With many lovers of Shakspeare, Portia is still the dearest character—her namesake, Brutus's wife, Volumnia, Imogen, Hermione, notwithstanding. As Mrs. Kemble once said "Shakspeare's Portia, then, as now, my ideal of a perfect woman."

Portia is one of those characters that, like Rosalind in *As You Like It*, Shakspeare shows us first in gloom and then brings into the sunshine of love. She is sad at first, and no wonder. The lottery of her destiny bars her the right of voluntary choosing. She is but the sport of that great allotter of fate, Chance, which Shakspeare has made such a leading element in this play.¹ But chance is kind to her, and gives her the man she loves. We see her endow'd, like the lady of Chaucer's "Pity," with grace, good birth, and stately courtesy, but not with the earlier lady's cruel heart. Wit and humour she has, keen judgment too. Nothing can be happier than her judgment of her lover's, and her description of herself, when drest as a young fop; both to be compared with Julia's in *The Two Gentlemen*. How pretty, too, is her "Yes, yes," the prelude of her love for Bassanio; her charming hesitation, "It isn't love and yet it is; you're half my heart;" her quiver when Bassanio is choosing; that most beautiful and gracious giving of herself to her husband; her unselfishness in letting her lover-husband leave her so soon to save his friend:

¹ My friend Mr. James Pierce, of Bedford's, view.

Introduction

she rightly loves his honour more than she loves him. Note, too, the generous wisdom of her judgment of Antonio's character from Bassanio's; her quick insight and wit on the call for action; her self-reliance—she risks her all and makes a joke of it; her admirable handling of her case in court; the reserve of her power of deciding the case until she has first tried to raise Shylock to the nobleness she would have him reach. See how the essence of all the virtues of woman is in her speech for mercy, which will echo to all time, and which we may compare with that of Queen Philippa in *Edward III.*, with that of Isabella in *Measure for Measure*. See, too, how through the whole of the trial scene she keeps up her happy, roguish humour, chaffing her husband about giving her up, and insisting on his ring. (The later ring-scene is wonderfully effective on the stage, with Portia and Nerissa stalking about in a pretty little tantrum, whisking their long trains round, flapping their fans, and raising a regular mock storm. Another delightful traditional touch, too, Miss Terry put into her representation of the part, as Bassanio, after the trial, walkt to the front of the stage, the black-cappt Doctor Portia put her pretty hands to her lips, behind him, and blew him a wifely kiss.) No one can praise Portia too highly. She is the happy mean between the brilliant, saucy Beatrice, and the quiet, devoted Viola. Jessica, "the most beautiful pagan, most sweet Jew," is more romantic and impulsive. Love is her ruling passion, as greed is her father's. In a certain sense she reproduces

Introduction

Juliet. She would give up herself, her all, for love. She leads Lorenzo, and plans their elopement, just as Portia leads Bassanio. Jessica knows the value of money in one way, but she sacrifices it to a whim. The lyrical beauty of the night scene with Lorenzo, a certain touch of Easternness in her character, her sadness at music, show depths of nature which speak a happy future for the pair. Antonio is to me the Shakspeare of the *Sonnets*. The beautiful unselfishness of his message to Bassanio—

“All debts are cleared between you and I if I might but see you at my death. Notwithstanding, use your pleasure: if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.”—

can only be matcht by Shakspeare's own feeling for his Will in *Sonnets* 87, 93, with which are to be set 71-74, 97, 99. We have no hesitation in accepting Bassanio's character of him—

“The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best conditioned and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies; and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears
Than any that draws breath in Italy.”

Bassanio is a bit of an adventurer, yet he is noble.¹

¹ And, like Fenton in *The Merry Wives*, he smells April and May, “A day in April never came so sweet,” &c., II. ix. 78. (Portia implies Shakspeare's rise into the society of such English ladies as he'd not known in earlier life.) The Venetian ‘Bassano’ family was well known in London in Shakspeare's day. Its pedigree will be found in the *Visitation of London* (Harleian Soc.), p. 64. In a Deed of 1589, relating to the tithes of St. Helens, Bishopsgate, Master Antonio Bassano is charged 8s. 3d. for tithe, and Jeronimy Bassano 13s. 9d. — *Academy*, 7 May, 1881, p. 337, col. 1. The name often occurs in the registers of St. Leonard's, Shoreditch, the parish in which the Curtain Theatre was.

Introduction

One must not find fault with the man whom Antonio and Portia loved. Still he is not worthy of Portia, though one does not blame him so much for being willing to give up Portia for his friend. Bassanio felt that Portia herself commended him for being willing to sacrifice his all, his life, even her, for the friend who had forfeited his life for him. Gratiano, with his head in his hat, saying "Amen" and behaving properly, is great fun all through. He is the Cyril of Tennyson's *Princess*; and in the trial and ring scenes we enjoy his jeers, and his getting out of his scrapes with that lawyer's scrubby boy. Launcelot Gobbo, as Launce in *The Two Gentlemen*, has a discussion with himself, after the manner of Davus in Terence's *Andria*, Act I., sc. iii. And though we have no dog here, yet we do have the inimitable damning of Jessica, the fore-runner of Touchstone's of Corin (*As You, III. ii.*). The fun of Launcelot and his father interrupting one another while asking Bassanio for his place, is reproduced with added power in Dogberry and Verges in *Much Ado*. Shakspeare keeps up in *The Merchant* his satire of his contemporaries that we saw in his first *Love's Labour's Lost*. His cuts at the Englishman's dress are worthy of Andrew Boorde, whose wood-cut of an Englishman with a piece of cloth in one hand and a pair of shears in the other, standing naked, and musing in his mind what raiment he should wear (p. 116 of my edition of Boorde's "Introduction to Knowledge," *E. E. T. Soc.*, 1870), Shakspeare may have seen, as he had no doubt read Harrison's declaration—"Except it were a dog in a doublet, you

Introduction

shall not see anie so disguised as are my countrie men of England " (p. 168 of my edition, *N. Sh. Soc.*). The want of education, too, in our nobles was a commonplace of the time, see the Forewords to my *Babees' Book*; while Portia's sketch of the young fop and lady-killer might have been verified in the walks in St. Paul's any day in the week, and the "how every fool can play upon the word," too. Women's sham hair is forcibly condemned in Act III., sc. ii., as often before and after in Shakspeare; while we have the English coin, the angel, in Act II., sc. vii.; the Goodwin Sands in Act III., sc. i.; the jury of twelve men in Act IV. sc. i.; the ring's posy like the cutler's poetry on a knife in Act V., sc. i. Notwithstanding the three-months' bond, and the gaoler engaged a fortnight beforehand, the action of the play is hurried into some eight days. When once he'd started, Shakspeare couldn't wait three months; 'twas not his nature to, in a play like this. I group together *John* and *The Merchant* as "Life-Plea Plays."

The Merchant was entered twice in the Stationers' Registers: first in 1598: "xxij^o Julij James Robertes. Entred for his copie vnder the handes of bothe the wardens, a booke of *The Marchaunt of Venyce, or otherwise called the Jewe of Venyce*. Prouided that yt bee not prynted by the said James Robertes or anye other whatsoeuer without lycence first had from the Right honorable the lord Chamberlen . . . vj^d." (Arber's *Transcript*, iii. 122). Second, in 1600: "28 octobris. Thomas haies. Entred for his copie under the handes of the Wardens, and by Consent of

Introduction

master Robertes. A booke called *the booke of the merchant of Venyce* . . . vj^d. ” (*Transcript*, iii. 175). The play was not publisht till 1600, when James Roberts printed it in quarto for himself (Q. 1), and also (Q. 2) for Thomas Heyes. The text in the first Folio, 1623, was printed from the second Quarto. That there was an old play on the bond story we judge from a passage in Gosson’s *School of Abuse*,¹ 1579, pp. 29–30, Old Shakespeare Society, 1841 :—

“ And as some of the players are farre from abuse, so some of their playes are without rebuke, which are easily remembered, as quickly reckoned. . . . *The Jew* and *Ptolome*, showne at the Bull; *the one representing the greedinesse of worldly chusers, and bloody mindes of usurers*; the other (&c.) . . . neither with amorous gesture wounding the eye, nor with slovenly talke hurting the eares of the chast hearers. . . . These playes are good playes and sweete playes, and of all playes the best playes, and most to be liked.”

The new play of “the Venecyon comodey,” acted the “25 of aguste 1594” (Henslowe’s *Diary*, p. 40), cannot have been Shakspeare’s *Merchant*.

The earliest Englishing of the bond story is in the translation of the *Cursor Mundi* of the end of the thirteenth century, publisht in 1876 by the Early English Text Soc. (See Miss Toulmin Smith’s Paper in *New*

¹ “The *S[c]hoole of Abuse*, Containing a pleasaunt inuective against Poets, Pipers, Plaiers, Jesters, and such like Caterpillers of a Commonwelth: Setting vp the Flagge of Deflaunce to their mischieuous exercise, and overthrowing their Bulwarkes, by Prophane Writers, Naturall reason, and common experience. A discourse as pleasaunt for Gentlemen that fauour learning, as profitable for all that wyll follow vertue. By Stephan Gosson, Stud. Oxon. . . . Printed at London, by Thomas Woodcocke. 1579.”

Introduction

Sh. Soc.'s Trans., 1875-6, Pt. I.) But that has no lady in it, tho' it has a Jew. The next English version is in the translation (ab. 1440 A.D.) of the *Gesta Romanorum* (the Latin version of ab. 1390, not the original bef. 1362), in Harl. MS. 7333, printed by the Roxburghe Club in 1838, ed. Sir F. Madden, and edited for the Early English Text Soc. by S. J. Hertridge in 1879. But this has no Jew, though it has a lady. Nor is there any lady in the 95th Declamation of *The Orator of Alex. Silvayn*, englisht by L. P. [Lazarus Piot, that is, Anthony Munday], and publisht in 1596: only the arguments of a Jew and a Christian Merchant, and the decision of the Judge, are there given. But in the Italian story in the *Pecorone* of Ser Giovanni Fiorentino, written 1378, but not printed at Milan till 1558, we have not only both Jew and Lady (of Belmont too)—she is the hero Giannetto's wife, and acts as judge in the case—but also the ring incident, and the Lady's maid being married to Ansaldo, the Antonio of Shakspeare's play. I have no doubt that a report of this Italian story, by some Italy-visiting or Italian-knowing friend of Shakspeare's, was the foundation of his play, or it may be that Shakspeare borrowd from an earlier play made from Fiorentino's novel. Certainly some of the incidents are traceable in older plays. In the *Three Ladies of London*, by Robert Wilson, 1584, a Jew attacks his Christian debtor much in the way that Shylock attacks Antonio; and Stephen Gosson, in his *Schoole of Abuse*, 1579, describes a play, as I have already mentioned, "representing the greedinesse of worldly chusers and bloody

Introduction.

minds of usurers,"¹ a description which has been thought to imply reference to the choosing of the casket and the judgment of the pound of flesh. And as he could not send his hero to bed three times with the heroine, before he won her by pouring down his bosom on the third night—on the hint of her maid—the drugged wine with which he had been sent to sleep on the first two occasions, and had lost his fine ships with their freights, Shakspeare took from the partially englisht *Gesta Romanorum* of his day,²—Richard Robinson's "*Record of Ancyent Historyes* intituled in Latin *Gesta Romanorum*," 1577—the story, of the Three Caskets³ as a less objectionable way of making his lover and sweetheart one.

The date of the play is fixt by the date of Munday's translation of Silvayn's *Orator*, 1596, and Meres's mentioning of Shakspeare's work in 1598; so it is safe to conclude that the play was written between these years. According to Daniel's "Time-Analysis," *Trans. New Shak. Soc.*, 1877-79, p. 155, the time of the play is rather more than three months, eight days of which are represented on the stage. But I do not admit his intervals.

¹ See p. 17 and Sidney Lee's *Life of William Shakespeare*, 1899, p. 60.

² It was "perused, corrected and bettered," no doubt from Wynkyn de Worde's edition (unique copy in St. John's Coll. Camb. library), or John Kynge's 1557 (copy in the Bodleian). None of these three editions contain the bond story. This was first told by John of Haute Seille in his collection of Latin stories called *Dolopathos* or the King and the Seven Sages, written about 1179-1212, and turned into French by Herbert in 1223. The story is told by the fourth Sage.

³ See it printed from Sir F. Madden's edition in Hazlitt's *Shakspeare's Library*, Part I., vol. i., p. 361. The *Pecorone* and Silvayn stories are printed there too, pp. 319, 355, with two old ballads of the pound-of-flesh story, "The Northern Lord" (p. 367) and Gernutus a Jew (p. 375), which I do not suppose are so old as 1596.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DUKE OF VENICE.		<i>Servant to Shylock, afterwards Servant to Bassanio.</i>
PRINCE OF MOROCCO, }		
PRINCE OF ARRAGON, }		OLD GOBBO, <i>Father to Launcelot.</i>
	<i>Suitors to Portia.</i>	
ANTONIO, a Merchant of Venice.		LEONARDO, <i>Servant to Bassanio.</i>
BASSANIO, his Friend, Suitor to Portia.		BALTHAZAR, } <i>Servants to</i>
		STEPHANO, } <i>Portia.</i>
GRATIANO, }	<i>Friends to Antonio and Bassanio.</i>	
SALARINO, }		PORTIA, <i>a rich Heiress.</i>
SALERIO.		NERISSA, <i>her Waiting-maid.</i>
LORENZO, <i>in love with Jessica.</i>		JESSICA, <i>Daughter to Shylock.</i>
SHYLOCK, <i>a Jew.</i>		<i>Magnificoes of Venice, Officers of the Court of Justice, Gaoler, Servants to Portia, and other Attendants.</i>
TUBAL, <i>a Jew, his Friend.</i>		
LAUNCELOT GOBBO, <i>a Clown,</i>		

SCENE—Partly at VENICE, and partly at BELMONT

ACT FIRST

SCENE I.—Venice A Street.

Enter ANTONIO, SALARINO, and SALANIO

Ant. In sooth, I know not why I am so sad.
 It wearies me ; you say, it wearies you ;
 But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
 What stuff 't is made of, whereof it is born,
 I am to learn :

And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.

Salar. Your mind is tossing on the ocean,
There where your argosies with portly sail,
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,
Do overpeer the petty traffickers
That curt'sy to them, do them reverence
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

Salar. Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the grass to know where sits the wind,
Peering in maps for ports, and piers, and roads ;
And every object that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me sad.

Salar. My wind cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at sea.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of shallows and of flats,
And see my wealthy Andrew docked in sand,
Vailing her high-top lower than her ribs
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church,
And see the holy edifice of stone

And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks,
Which touching but my gentle vessel's side
Would scatter all her spices on the stream,
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks ;
And, in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing ? Shall I have the thought
To think on this, and shall I lack the thought
That such a thing bechanced would make me sad ?
But tell not me ; I know Antonio
Is sad to think upon his merchandise.

Ant. Believe me, no. I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place ; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year :
Therefore, my merchandise makes me not sad.

Salar. Why, then you are in love.

Ant. Fie, fie !

Salar. Not in love neither ? Then let's say you
are sad

Because you are not merry ; and 't were as easy
For you to laugh and leap, and say you are merry
Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed
Janus,

Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time :
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes
And laugh like parrots at a bag-piper ;

And other of such vinegar aspect,
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Enter BASSANIO, LORENZO, and GRATIANO

Salar. Here comes Bassanio, your most noble
kinsman,

Gratiano, and Lorenzo. Fare ye well :
We leave you now with better company.

Salar. I would have stayed till I had made you
merry,

If worthier friends had not prevented me.

Ant. Your worth is very dear in my regard.
I take it, your own business calls on you,
And you embrace the occasion to depart.

Salar. Good morrow, my good lords.

Bass. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh ?
say, when ?

You grow exceeding strange : must it be so ?

Salar. We'll make our leisures to attend on
yours. [*Exeunt* SALARINO and SALANIO.

Lor. My lord Bassanio, since you have found
Antonio,

We two will leave you ; but at dinner-time,
I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.

Bass. I will not fail you.

Gra. You look not well, signior Antonio ;
You have too much respect upon the world :
They lose it that do buy it with much care.
Believe me, you are marvellously changed.

Ant. I hold the world but as the world, Gra-
tiano ;

A stage, where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.

Gra. Let me play the fool :
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,
And let my liver rather heat with wine
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans
Why should a man whose blood is warm within
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster,
Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish ? I tell thee what, Antonio,—
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks,—
There are a sort of men whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond,
And do a wilful stillness entertain
With purpose to be dressed in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit ;
As who should say, ‘I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark !’
O, my Antonio, I do know of these,
That therefore only are reputed wise,

The Merchant of Venice

For saying nothing ; when, I am very sure,
If they should speak, would almost damn those
ears,
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers
fools.

I'll tell thee more of this another time :
But fish not with this melancholy bait
For this fool-gudgeon, this opinion.—
Come, good Lorenzo.—Fare ye well awhile :
I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

Lor. Well, we will leave you then till dinner
time.

I must be one of these same dumb wise men,
For Gratiano never lets me speak.

Gra. Well, keep me company but two years moe,
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own
tongue.

Ant. Farewell : I'll grow a talker for this gear.

Gra. Thanks, i' faith ; for silence is only com-
mendable

In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not vendible.

[*Exeunt GRATIANO and LORENZO.*

Ant. Is that anything now ?

Bass. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of no-
thing, more than any man in all Venice. His
reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two

The Merchant of Venice

bushels of chaff : you shall seek all day ere you find them ; and when you have them, they are not worth the search.

Ant. Well : tell me now, what lady is the same

To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
That you to-day promised to tell me of ?

Bass. 'T is not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate
By something showing a more swelling port
Than my faint means would grant continuance :
Nor do I now make moan to be abridged
From such a noble rate ; but my chief care
Is to come fairly off from the great debts
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,
Hath left me gaged. To you, Antonio,
I owe the most, in money and in love ;
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburthen all my plots and purposes
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

Ant. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know
it ;

And if it stand as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honour, be assured,
My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Lie all unlocked to your occasions.

Bass. In my school-days, when I had lost one
shaft

I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
The self-same way, with more advised watch
To find the other forth, and by adventuring both
I oft found both. I urge this childhood proof
Because what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much and, like a wilful youth,
That which I owe is lost; but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

Ant. You know me well, and herein spend but
time

To wind about my love with circumstance;
And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong
In making question of my uttermost
Than if you had made waste of all I have:
Then do but say to me what I should do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest unto it: therefore, speak.

Bass. In Belmont is a lady richly left,
And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,
Of wondrous virtues. Sometimes from her eyes

The Merchant of Venice

I did receive fair speechless messages.
Her name is Portia ; nothing undervalued
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia ;
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth,
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renowned suitors ; and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece,
Which makes her seat of Belmont Colchos' strand,
And many Jasons come in quest of her.
O, my Antonio, had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me such thrift
That I should questionless be fortunate.

Ant. Thou know'st that all my fortunes are at
sea ;

Neither have I money, nor commodity
To raise a present sum : therefore, go forth ;
Try what my credit can in Venice do :
That shall be racked even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go presently inquire, and so will I,
Where money is, and I no question make
To have it of my trust, or for my sake. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Belmont. A Room in PORTIA's House

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA

Por. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is
 aweary of this great world.

Ner. You would be, sweet madam, if your
 miseries were in the same abundance as your good
 fortunes are. And yet, for aught I see, they are
 as sick that surfeit with too much as they that
 starve with nothing. It is no mean happiness,
 therefore, to be seated in the mean: superfluity
 comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives
 longer.

Por. Good sentences, and well pronounced.

Ner. They would be better, if well followed.

Por. If to do were as easy as to know what
 were good to do, chapels had been churches, and
 poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good
 divine that follows his own instructions: I can
 easier teach twenty what were good to be done,
 than be one of the twenty to follow mine own
 teaching. The brain may devise laws for the
 blood; but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree:
 such a hare is madness, the youth, to skip o'er the
 meshes of good counsel, the cripple. But this
 reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a

husband.—O me, the word choose! I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will of a dead father.—Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none?

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous, and holy men at their death have good inspirations; therefore, the lottery that he hath devised in these three chests, of gold, silver, and lead, (whereof who chooses his meaning, chooses you,) will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly, but one whom you shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

Por. I pray thee, over-name them, and as thou namest them I will describe them; and according to my description level at my affection.

Ner. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

Por. Ay, that's a colt, indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts that he can shoe him himself. I am much afraid my lady his mother played false with a smith.

Ner. Then is there the county Palatine.

Por. He doth nothing but frown, as who should say, 'An you will not have me, choose.' He hears

merry tales and smiles not ; I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's-head with a bone in his mouth than to either of these. God defend me from these two !

Ner. How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon ?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker, but, he ! why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's, a better bad habit of frowning than the count Palatine : he is every man in no man ; if a throstle sing, he falls straight a capering : he will fence with his own shadow. If I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands. If he would despise me, I would forgive him ; for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him.

Ner. What say you then to Faulconbridge, the young baron of England ?

Por. You know I say nothing to him, for he understands not me nor I him : he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian ; and you will come into the court and swear that I have a poor penny-worth in the English. He is a proper man's picture ; but, alas, who can converse with a dumb-

show? How oddly he is suited! I think, he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour everywhere.

Ner. What think you of the Scottish lord, his neighbour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him; for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again, when he was able: I think the Frenchman became his surety, and sealed under for another.

Ner. How like you the young German, the duke of Saxony's nephew?

Por. Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober, and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is best, he is a little worse than a man; and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast. An the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

Ner. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket, for, if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know he will choose it.

I will do anything, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a sponge.

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords: they have acquainted me with their determinations; which is, indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more suit, unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets.

Por. If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will. I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I pray God grant them a fair departure.

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar, and a soldier, that came hither in company of the marquess of Montferrat?

Por. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio: as I think, so was he called.

Ner. True, madam: he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well: and I remember him worthy of thy praise.

Enter a Servant

How now? what news?

Serv. The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave; and there is a forerunner come from a fifth, the prince of Morocco, who brings word the prince his master will be here to-night.

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he have the condition of a saint, and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me.

Come, Nerissa.—Sirrah, go before.—

Whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, another
knocks at the door. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Venice. A public Place

Enter BASSANIO and SHYLOCK

Shy. Three thousand ducats,—well.

Bass. Ay, sir, for three months.

Shy. For three months,—well.

Bass. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall
be bound.

Shy. Antonio shall become bound,—well.

Bass. May you stead me? Will you pleasure me?
Shall I know your answer?

Shy. Three thousand ducats for three months,
and Antonio bound.

Bass. Your answer to that.

Shy. Antonio is a good man.

Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the
contrary?

Shy. Ho! no, no, no, no:—my meaning, in saying he is a good man, is to have you understand me, that he is sufficient: yet his means are in supposition. He hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand moreover upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England, and other ventures he hath squandered abroad. But ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats and water-rats, water-thieves and land-thieves, I mean pirates; and then, there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks: the man is, notwithstanding, sufficient. Three thousand ducats;—I think, I may take his bond.

Bass. Be assured you may.

Shy. I will be assured I may; and, that I may be assured, I will bethink me. May I speak with Antonio?

Bass. If it please you to dine with us.

Shy. Yes, to smell pork ; to eat of the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into. I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following : but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto ?—Who is he comes here ?

Enter ANTONIO

Bass. This is Signior Antonio.

Shy. [*Aside.*] How like a fawning publican he looks !

I hate him for he is a Christian ;
But more, for that in low simplicity
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation ; and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls interest. Curséd be my tribe
If I forgive him !

Bass. Shylock, do you hear ?

Shy. I am debating of my present store,

And, by the near guess of my memory,
I cannot instantly raise up the gross
Of full three thousand ducats. What of that?
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
Will furnish me. But soft! how many months
Do you desire?—[*To ANTONIO.*] Rest you fair,
good signior;
Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

Ant. Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow
By taking nor by giving of excess,
Yet to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
I'll break a custom.—Is he yet possessed
How much ye would?

Shy. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

Ant. And for three months.

Shy. I had forgot :—three months ; you told me
so.

Well then, your bond ; and let me see,—But hear
you :

Methought, you said, you neither lend nor
borrow

Upon advantage.

Ant. I do never use it.

Shy. When Jacob grazed his uncle Laban's
sheep,—

This Jacob from our holy Abram was

(As his wise mother wrought in his behalf)
The third possessor ; ay, he was the third,—

Ant. And what of him ? did he take interest ?

Shy. No, not take interest ; not as you would
say

Directly interest : mark what Jacob did.

When Laban and himself were compromised,
That all the eanlings which were streaked and
pied

Should fall as Jacob's hire, the ewes, being rank,
In end of autumn turnéd to the rams,
And when the work of generation was
Between these woolly breeders in the act,
The skilful shepherd peeled me certain wands,
And, in the doing of the deed of kind,
He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes,
Who, then conceiving, did in eaning time
Fall party-coloured lambs, and those were Jacob's.
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest :
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

Ant. This was a venture, sir, that Jacob served
for ;

A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But swayed and fashioned by the hand of Heaven.
Was this inserted to make interest good ?
Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams ?

Shy. I cannot tell : I make it breed as fast.—
But note me, signior.

Ant. Mark you this, Bassanio;
The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.
An evil soul producing holy witness
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek,
A goodly apple rotten at the heart.
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath !

Shy. Three thousand ducats ;—'t is a good round
sum.
Three months from twelve, then let me see the
rate.

Ant. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholding to
you ?

Shy. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my moneys and my usances :
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug ;
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears, you need my help :
Go to then ; you come to me, and you say,
'Shylock, we would have moneys,' you say so ;
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard

And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold : moneys is your suit.
What should I say to you ? Should I not say,
' Hath a dog money ? Is it possible,
A cur can lend three thousand ducats ? ' or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With bated breath, and whispering humbleness,
Say this :—

' Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last ;
You spurned me such a day ; another time
You called me dog ; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much moneys ? '

Ant. I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends ; for when did friendship take
A breed of barren metal of his friend ?
But lend it rather to thine enemy ;
Who, if he break, thou may'st with better face
Exact the penalty.

Shy. Why, look you, how you storm !
I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stained me with,
Supply your present wants, and take no doit
Of usance for my moneys, and you'll not hear me.
This is kind I offer.

Bass. This were kindness.

Shy. This kindness will I show.

Go with me to a notary, seal me there
Your single bond ; and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum or sums as are
Expressed in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

Ant. Content, in faith : I 'll seal to such a bond,
And say there is much kindness in the Jew.

Bass. You shall not seal to such a bond for
me :

I 'll rather dwell in my necessity.

Ant. Why, fear not, man ; I will not forfeit it :
Within these two months, that 's a month before
This bond expires, I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

Shy. O father Abram, what these Christians
are,

Whose own hard dealing teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others !—Pray you, tell me this :
If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture ?
A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man,

Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,
To buy his favour, I extend this friendship :
If he will take it, so ; if not, adieu ;
And for my love, I pray you, wrong me not.

Ant. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's,
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purse the ducats straight ;
See to my house, left in the fearful guard
Of an unthrifty knave ; and presently
I will be with you.

Ant. Hie thee, gentle Jew.

[*Exit SHYLOCK.*

This Hebrew will turn Christian : he grows kind.

Bass. I like not fair terms and a villain's mind.

Ant. Come on, in this there can be no dismay ;
My ships come home a month before the day.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND

SCENE I.—Belmont. A Room in PORTIA'S
House

Enter the Prince of MOROCCO, and his Followers :

PORTIA, NERISSA, and others of her Train.

Flourish cornets

Mor. Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadowed livery of the burnished sun
To whom I am a neighbour and near bred.
Bring me the fairest creature northward born,
Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,
And let us make incision for your love
To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine.
I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
Hath feared the valiant ; by my love, I swear,
The best regarded virgins of our clime
Have loved it too. I would not change this hue,
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

Por. In terms of choice I am not solely led
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes :
Besides, the lottery of my destiny
Bars me the right of voluntary choosing ;
But, if my father had not scanted me
And hedged me by his wit to yield myself

His wife who wins me by that means I told you,
Yourself, renowned prince, then stood as fair
As any comer I have looked on yet,
For my affection.

Mor. Even for that I thank you :
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets
To try my fortune. By this scimitar,—
That slew the Sophy and a Persian prince
That won three fields of Sultan Solyman,—
I would outstare the sternest eyes that look,
Outbrave the heart most daring on the earth,
Pluck the young suckling cubs from the she-bear,
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, lady. But, alas the while !
If Hercules and Lichas play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand,
So is Alcides beaten by his page;
And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miss that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.

Por. You must take your chance,
And either not attempt to choose at all,
Or swear before you choose,—if you choose wrong,
Never to speak to lady afterward
In way of marriage : therefore be advised.

Mor. Nor will not. Come, bring me unto my chance.

Por. First, forward to the temple : after dinner Your hazard shall be made.

Mor. Good fortune then,
To make me blest or cursed'st among men !
[*Cornets, and exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Venice. A Street

Enter LAUNCELOT GOBBO

Laun. Certainly, my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew my master. The fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me, saying to me—‘Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot,’ or ‘good Gobbo,’ or ‘good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away.’ My conscience says,—‘No; take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo;’ or, as aforesaid, ‘honest Launcelot Gobbo; do not run; scorn running with thy heels.’ Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack: ‘Via!’ says the fiend; ‘away!’ says the fiend; ‘for the heavens, rouse up a brave mind,’ says the fiend, ‘and run.’ Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me—‘My honest friend Launcelot, being

an honest man's son,'—or rather an honest woman's son;—for, indeed, my father did something smack—something grow to—he had a kind of taste:—well, my conscience says, 'Launcelot, budge not.' 'Budge,' says the fiend: 'Budge not,' says my conscience. 'Conscience,' say I, 'you counsel well;'; 'fiend,' say I, 'you counsel well:;' to be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who (God bless the mark) is a kind of devil; and, to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself. Certainly, the Jew is the very devil incarnation, and, in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew. The fiend gives the more friendly counsel: I will run, fiend; my heels are at your commandment; I will run.

Enter old GOBBO, with a basket

Gob. Master, young man, you, I pray you, which is the way to Master Jew's?

Laun. [*Aside.*] O heavens, this is my true-begotten father, who, being more than sand-blind, high gravel-blind, knows me not:—I will try confusions with him.

Gob. Master, young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to Master Jew's?

Laun. Turn up on your right hand at the next turning, but at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

Gob. By God's sonties, 't will be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me, whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him, or no?

Laun. Talk you of young Master Launcelot?—*[Aside.]* Mark me now; now will I raise the waters.—*[To him.]* Talk you of young Master Launcelot?

Gob. No master, sir, but a poor man's son: his father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man; and, God be thanked, well to live.

Laun. Well, let his father be what a will, we talk of young Master Launcelot.

Gob. Your worship's friend, and Launcelot, sir.

Laun. But I pray you, *ergo*, old man, *ergo*, I beseech you, talk you of young Master Launcelot?

Gob. Of Launcelot, an't please your mastership.

Laun. *Ergo*, Master Launcelot. Talk not of Master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman (according to Fates and Destinies, and such

odd sayings, the Sisters Three, and such branches of learning) is, indeed, deceased ; or, as you would say, in plain terms, gone to heaven.

Gob. Marry, God forbid ! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

Laun. Do I look like a cudgel, or a hovel-post, a staff, or a prop ?—Do you know me, father ?

Gob. Alack the day ! I know you not, young gentleman ; but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy (God rest his soul) alive, or dead ?

Laun. Do you not know me, father ?

Gob. Alack, sir, I am sand-blind ; I know you not.

Laun. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me : it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son. [*Kneels.*] Give me your blessing. Truth will come to light ; murder cannot be hid long, a man's son may, but in the end truth will out.

Gob. Pray you, sir, stand up. I am sure you are not Launcelot, my boy.

Laun. Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing : I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

Gob. I cannot think you are my son.

Laun. I know not what I shall think of that ; but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man, and, I am sure, Margery, your wife, is my mother.

Gob. Her name is Margery, indeed : I'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord worshipped might he be ! what a beard hast thou got : thou hast got more hair on thy chin, than Dobbin my fill-horse has on his tail.

Laun. It should seem then that Dobbin's tail grows backward. I am sure he had more hair of his tail than I have of my face, when I last saw him.

Gob. Lord ! how art thou changed ! How doest thou and thy master agree ? I have brought him a present. How gree you now ?

Laun. Well, well ; but, for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground. My master's a very Jew : give him a present ! give him a halter : I am famished in his service. You may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come : give me your present to one Master Bassanio, who indeed gives rare new liveries ; if I serve not him, I will run as far as

God has any ground.—O rare fortune, here comes the man :—to him, father ; for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

Enter BASSANIO, with LEONARDO, and other Followers

Bass. You may do so, but let it be so hasted, that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock. See these letters delivered, put the liveries to making, and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging. *[Exit a Servant.]*

Laun. To him, father.

Gob. God bless your worship !

Bass. Gramercy. Wouldst thou aught with me ?

Gob. Here's my son, sir, a poor boy,—

Laun. Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man, that would, sir,—as my father shall specify,—

Gob. He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve—

Laun. Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and have a desire,—as my father shall specify,—

Gob. His master and he (saving your worship's reverence) are scarce cater-cousins,—

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew having done me wrong, doth cause me,—as

my father, being, I hope, an old man, shall frutify unto you,—

Gob. I have here a dish of doves, that I would bestow upon your worship ; and my suit is,—

Laun. In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man ; and, though I say it, though old man, yet poor man, my father.

Bass. One speak for both.—What would you ?

Laun. Serve you, sir.

Gob. That is the very defect of the matter, sir.

Bass. I know thee well ; thou hast obtained thy suit :

Shylock, thy master, spoke with me this day,
And hath preferred thee, if it be preferment
To leave a rich Jew's service, to become
The follower of so poor a gentleman.

Laun. The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir : you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.

Bass. Thou speak'st it well. Go, father, with thy son.

Take leave of thy old master, and inquire
My lodging out. [*To his Followers.*] Give him a
livery
More guarded than his fellows' : see it done.

Laun. Father, in.—I cannot get a service, no ; I have ne'er a tongue in my head. Well : [*looking on his palm*] if any man in Italy have a fairer table, which doth offer to swear upon a book, I shall have good fortune. Go to, here's a simple line of life, here's a small trifle of wives, alas, fifteen wives is nothing ; eleven widows, and nine maids, is a simple coming-in for one man : and then, to 'scape drowning thrice, and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed, here are simple 'scapes : well, if Fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this gear.—Father, come ; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye.

[*Exeunt LAUNCELOT and Old GOBBO.*]

Bass. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this. These things being bought and orderly bestowed, Return in haste, for I do feast to-night My best-esteemed acquaintance : hie thee, go.

Leon. My best endeavours shall be done herein.

Enter GRATIANO

Gra. Where is your master ?

Leon. Yonder, sir, he walks. [*Exit.*]

Gra. Signior Bassanio,—

Bass. Gratiano.

Gra. I have a suit to you.

Bass. You have obtained it.

Gra. You must not deny me : I must go with you to Belmont.

Bass. Why, then you must. But hear thee,
Gratiano :

Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice ;
Parts, that become thee happily enough,
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults,
But where thou art not known, why, there they
show

Something too liberal. Pray thee, take pain
To allay with some cold drops of modesty
Thy skipping spirit, lest, through thy wild be-
haviour,

I be misconstrued in the place I go to,
And lose my hopes.

Gra. Signior Bassanio, hear me :
If I do not put on a sober habit,
Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely,
Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say amen,
Use all the observance of civility
Like one well studied in a sad ostent
To please his grandam, never trust me more.

Bass. Well, we shall see your bearing.

Gra. Nay, but I bar to-night; you shall not gage
me

By what we do to-night.

Bass. No, that were pity.

I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpose merriment. But fare you well :
I have some business.

Gra. And I must to Lorenzo and the rest :
But we will visit you at supper-time. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—The Same. A Room in SHYLOCK'S
House

Enter JESSICA and LAUNCELOT

Jes. I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so :
Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil,
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness.
But fare thee well ; there is a ducat for thee :
And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest :
Give him this letter, do it secretly :
And so farewell ; I would not have my father
See me in talk with thee.

Laun. Adieu !—tears exhibit my tongue.—Most

beautiful pagan, most sweet Jew ! If a Christian do not play the knave and get thee, I am much deceived. But, adieu ! these foolish drops do somewhat drown my manly spirit : adieu !

Jes. Farewell, good Launcelot.—

[*Exit* LAUNCELOT.]

Alack, what heinous sin is it in me,
To be ashamed to be my father's child !
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners. O Lorenzo,
If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife,
Become a Christian and thy loving wife. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—The Same. A Street

Enter GRATIANO, LORENZO, SALARINO, and
SALANIO

Lor. Nay, we will slink away in supper-time,
Disguise us at my lodging, and return
All in an hour.

Gra. We have not made good preparation.

Salar. We have not spoke us yet of torch
bearers.

Salan. 'Tis vile unless it may be quaintly
ordered,

And better, in my mind, not undertook.

Lor. 'Tis now but four o'clock, we have two
hours

To furnish us.

Enter LAUNCELOT with a letter

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?

Laun. An it shall please you to break up this,
it shall seem to signify. [*Giving a letter.*]

Lor. I know the hand: in faith, 't is a fair
hand,

And whiter than the paper it writ on
Is the fair hand that writ.

Gra. Love-news, in faith.

Laun. By your leave, sir.

Lor. Whither goest thou?

Laun. Marry, sir, to bid my old master, the
Jew, to sup to-night with my new master, the
Christian.

Lor. Hold here, take this: tell gentle Jessica
I will not fail her, speak it privately:

[*Exit LAUNCELOT.*]

Go, gentlemen,

Will you prepare you for this masque to-night?

I am provided of a torch-bearer.

Salar. Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it straight.

Salan. And so will I.

Lor. Meet me and Gratiano

At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.

Salar. 'T is good we do so.

[*Exeunt* SALARINO and SALANIO.]

Gra. Was not that letter from fair Jessica?

Lor. I must needs tell thee all. She hath directed

How I shall take her from her father's house,

What gold and jewels she is furnished with,

What page's suit she hath in readiness.

If e'er the Jew her father come to Heaven,

It will be for his gentle daughter's sake;

And never dare misfortune cross her foot,

Unless she do it under this excuse,

That she is issue to a faithless Jew.

Come, go with me, peruse this as thou goest:

Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—The Same. Before SHYLOCK'S
House

Enter SHYLOCK and LAUNCELOT

Shy. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy
judge,

The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio ;
What, Jessica !—thou shalt not gormandise
As thou hast done with me ;—what, Jessica !
And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out.—
Why, Jessica, I say !

Laun. Why, Jessica !

Shy. Who bids thee call ? I do not bid thee
call.

Laun. Your worship was wont to tell me,
I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter JESSICA

Jes. Call you ? What is your will ?

Shy. I am bid forth to supper, Jessica :
There are my keys.—But wherefore should I go ?
I am not bid for love ; they flatter me :
But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal Christian.—Jessica, my girl,
Look to my house.—I am right loath to go :
There is some ill a brewing towards my rest,
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

Laun. I beseech you, sir, go : my young master
doth expect your reproach.

Shy. So do I his.

Laun. And they have conspired together,—I
will not say, you shall see a masque ; but if you

The Merchant of Venice

do, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a bleeding on Black-Monday last, at six o'clock i' the morning, falling out that year on Ash-Wednesday was four year in th' afternoon.

Shy. What, are there masques?—Hear you me,
Jessica,

Lock up my doors, and when you hear the drum,

And the vile squeaking of the wry-necked fife,
Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the public street
To gaze on Christian fools with varnished faces :
But stop my house's ears, I mean my casements,
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house.—By Jacob's staff I swear,
I have no mind of feasting forth to-night :
But I will go :—Go you before me, sirrah,
Say, I will come.

Laun. I will go before, sir.—Mistress, look out
at window, for all this ;

There will come a Christian by,

Will be worth a Jewess' eye. [Exit.

Shy. What says that fool of Hagar's offspring?
ha !

Jes. His words were 'Farewell, mistress ;'
nothing else.

The Merchant of Venice

Shy. The patch is kind enough, but a huge feeder,

Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day
More than the wild cat : drones hive not with me,
Therefore I part with him, and part with him
To one that I would have him help to waste
His borrowed purse.—Well, Jessica, go in,
Perhaps I will return immediately.
Do as I bid you ; shut doors after you :
Fast bind, fast find ;

A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. [Exit.

Jes. Farewell ; and if my fortune be not crost,
I have a father, you a daughter, lost. [Exit.

SCENE VI.—The same

Enter GRATIANO and SALARINO, masqued

Gra. This is the penthouse, under which
Lorenzo

Desired us to make stand.

Salar. His hour is almost past.

Gra. And it is marvel he outdwells his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.

Salar. O ! ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly

To seal love's bonds new-made, than they are wont
To keep obligéd faith unforfeited!

Gra. That ever holds : who riseth from a feast
With that keen appetite that he sits down?
Where is the horse that doth untread again
His tedious measures with the unbated fire
That he did pace them first? All things that
are,

Are with more spirit chaséd than enjoyed.
How like a younker or a prodigal
The scarféd bark puts from her native bay,
Hugged and embracéd by the strumpet wind!
How like the prodigal doth she return,
With over-weathered ribs and ragged sails,
Lean, rent, and beggared by the strumpet wind!

Enter LORENZO

Salar. Here comes Lorenzo : more of this here-
after.

Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long
abode ;

Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait :
When you shall please to play the thieves for
wives

I'll watch as long for you then.—Approach ;
Here dwells my father Jew.—Ho, who's within ?

Enter JESSICA above, in boy's clothes

Jes. Who are you? Tell me for more certainty,
Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.

Lor. Lorenzo, and thy love.

Jes. Lorenzo, certain; and my love, indeed,
For who love I so much? And now who knows
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

Lor. Heaven and thy thoughts are witness that
thou art.

Jes. Here, catch this casket: it is worth the
pains.

I am glad 't is night, you do not look on me,
For I am much ashamed of my exchange:
But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit;
For if they could, Cupid himself would blush
To see me thus transforméd to a boy.

Lor. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.

Jes. What, must I hold a candle to my shames?
They in themselves, good sooth, are too too light.
Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love,
And I should be obscured.

Lor. So are you, sweet,
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.
But come at once;

The Merchant of Venice

For the close night doth play the runaway,
And we are stayed for at Bassanio's feast.

Jes. I will make fast the doors, and gild myself

With some more ducats, and be with you straight.

[Exit from above.]

Gra. Now, by my hood, a Gentile, and no Jew.

Lor. Beshrew me, but I love her heartily ;
For she is wise, if I can judge of her,
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true,
And true she is, as she hath proved herself ;
And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true
Shall she be placéd in my constant soul.

Enter JESSICA

What, art thou come ?—On, gentlemen ; away !
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.

[Exit with JESSICA and SALARINO.]

Enter ANTONIO

Ant. Who's there ?

Gra. Signior Antonio ?

Ant. Fie, fie, Gratiano, where are all the rest ?
'T is nine o'clock, our friends all stay for you :
No masque to-night : the wind is come about.
Bassanio presently will go aboard ;
I have sent twenty out to seek for you.

Gra. I am glad on 't, I desire no more delight
Than to be under sail and gone to-night. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—Belmont. An Apartment in
PORTIA'S House

Enter PORTIA, *with the Prince of MOROCCO, and
both their Trains*

Por. Go, draw aside the curtains, and discover
The several caskets to this noble prince :—
Now make your choice.

Mor. The first, of gold, who this inscription
bears,
'Who chooseth me shall gain what many men
desire.'

The second, silver, which this promise carries,
'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he de-
serves.'

This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,
Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he
hath.'

How shall I know if I do choose the right?

Por. The one of them contains my picture,
prince :

If you choose that, then I am yours withal.

Mor. Some god direct my judgment! Let me see;—

I will survey the inscriptions back again.

What says this leaden casket?

‘Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.’

Must give—for what? for lead? hazard for lead?

This casket threatens. Men that hazard all

Do it in hope of fair advantages:

A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross,

I’ll then nor give, nor hazard, aught for lead.

What says the silver with her virgin hue?

‘Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.’

As much as he deserves?—Pause there, Morocco,
And weigh thy value with an even hand.

If thou beest rated by thy estimation,

Thou dost deserve enough; and yet enough

May not extend so far as to the lady;

And yet to be afeard of my deserving

Were but a weak disabling of myself.

As much as I deserve!—Why, that’s the lady:

I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,

In graces, and in qualities of breeding;

But more than these, in love I do deserve.

What if I strayed no further, but chose here?—

Let's see once more this saying graved in gold :
' Who chooseth me shall gain what many men
desire.'

Why, that's the lady : all the world desires her.
From the four corners of the earth they come
To kiss this shrine, this mortal-breathing saint.
The Hyrcanian deserts, and the vasty wilds
Of wild Arabia, are as thoroughfares now
For princes to come view fair Portia.
The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
To stop the foreign spirits, but they come,
As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.
One of these three contains her heavenly picture.
Is't like, that lead contains her? 'T were damna-
tion

To think so base a thought : it were too gross
To rib her cerecloth in the obscure grave.
Or shall I think in silver she 's immured,
Being ten times undervalued to tried gold ?
O sinful thought ! Never so rich a gem
Was set in worse than gold. They have in Eng-
land

A coin, that bears the figure of an angel
Stampéd in gold, but that's insculped upon ;
But here an angel in a golden bed

Lies all within. Deliver me the key :
Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may !

Por. There, take it, prince ; and if my form lie
there,

Then I am yours. [*He unlocks the golden casket.*]

Mor. O hell ! what have we here ?

A carrion death, within whose empty eye
There is a written scroll. I 'll read the writing.

[*Reads.*] *All that glisters is not gold ;
Often have you heard that told :
Many a man his life hath sold
But my outside to behold :
Gilded tombs do worms infold.
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgment old,
Your answer had not been inscroll'd,
'Fare you well, your suit is cold.'*

Cold, indeed, and labour lost :

Then, farewell, heat, and, welcome, frost :

Portia, adieu, I have too griev'd a heart,

To take a tedious leave : thus losers part. [*Exit*]

Por. A gentle riddance. Draw the curtains ; go.
Let all of his complexion choose me so. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.—Venice. A Street

Enter SALARINO and SALANIO

Salar. Why, man, I saw Bassanio under sail :
With him is Gratiano gone along ;
And in their ship, I'm sure, Lorenzo is not.

Salan. The villain Jew with outcries raised the
Duke,
Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.

Salar. He came too late, the ship was under sail :
But there the Duke was given to understand
That in a gondola were seen together
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica.
Besides, Antonio certified the Duke
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.

Salan. I never heard a passion so confused,
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets :
'My daughter !—O my ducats !—O my daughter !
Fled with a Christian !—O my Christian ducats !
Justice ! the law ! my ducats, and my daughter !
A sealéd bag, two sealéd bags of ducats,
Of double ducats, stolen from me by my daughter !
And jewels, two stones, two rich and precious
stones,

Stolen by my daughter!—Justice! find the girl!
She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats!’

Salar. Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,
Crying, his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.

Salan. Let good Antonio look he keep his day,
Or he shall pay for this.

Salar. Marry, well remembered.
I reasoned with a Frenchman yesterday,
Who told me, in the narrow seas that part
The French and English, there miscarriéd
A vessel of our country richly fraught.
I thought upon Antonio when he told me,
And wished in silence that it were not his.

Salan. You were best to tell Antonio what you
hear;
Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.

Salar. A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.
I saw Bassanio and Antonio part:
Bassanio told him he would make some speed
Of his return: he answered—‘Do not so;
Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio,
But stay the very riping of the time;
And for the Jew’s bond which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love;
Be merry, and employ your chiefest thoughts
To courtship and such fair ostents of love

As shall conveniently become you there.'
And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wondrous sensible
He wrung Bassanio's hand ; and so they parted.

Salar. I think he only loves the world for him.
I pray thee, let us go and find him out,
And quicken his embracéd heaviness
With some delight or other.

Salar. Do we so. [Exeunt.

SCENE IX.—Belmont. A Room in PORTIA'S
House

Enter NERISSA, with a Servitor

Ner. Quick, quick, I pray thee, draw the curtain
straight,

The prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election presently.

*Enter the Prince of ARRAGON, PORTIA, and their
Trains. Flourish of cornets*

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble
prince :

If you choose that wherein I am contained,

Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemnised ;
But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.

Ar. I am enjoined by oath to observe three
things :

First, never to unfold to any one
Which casket 't was I chose ; next, if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage ;
Lastly,
If I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you and be gone.

Por. To these injunctions every one doth swear
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

Ar. And so have I addressed me. Fortune
now

To my heart's hope !—Gold, silver, and base lead,
' Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he
hath : '

You shall look fairer, ere I give, or hazard.
What says the golden chest ? ha ! let me see :—
' Who chooseth me shall gain what many men
desire. '

What many men desire :—that many may be meant
By the fool multitude, that choose by show,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach,

Which pries not to the interior, but, like the
martlet,

Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force and road of casualty.

I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jump with common spirits
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.

Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house ;

Tell me once more what title thou dost bear :

‘Who chooseth me shall get as much as he
deserves.’

And well said too ; for who shall go about

To cozen fortune and be honourable

Without the stamp of merit ? Let none pre-
sume

To wear an undeservéd dignity :

O ! that estates, degrees, and offices,

Were not derived corruptly, and that clear honour

Were purchased by the merit of the wearer !

How many then should cover that stand bare ;

How many be commanded that command ;

How much low peasantry would then be gleaned

From the true seed of honour ; and how much
honour

Picked from the chaff and ruin of the times,

To be new-varnished ! Well, but to my choice :

‘Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.’

I will assume desert.—Give me a key for this,
And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

‘ [He opens the silver casket.

Por. Too long a pause for that which you find there.

Ar. What’s here? the portrait of a blinking idiot,
Presenting me a schedule! I will read it.

How much unlike art thou to Portia!

How much unlike my hopes and my deservings!

‘Who chooseth me shall have as much as he deserves:’

Did I deserve no more than a fool’s head?

Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?

Por. To offend and judge are distinct offices,
And of opposéd natures.

—Ar.

What is here?

[Reads.] *The fire seven times tried this,
Seven times tried that judgment is
That did never choose amiss.
Some there be that shadows kiss,
Such have but a shadow’s bliss:
There be fools alive, I wis,
Silvered o’er, and so was this:
Take what wife you will to bed*

I will ever be your head :

So be gone ; you are sped.

Still more fool I shall appear

By the time I linger here :

With one fool's head I came to woo,

But I go away with two.—

Sweet, adieu. I 'll keep my oath,

Patiently to bear my wroth.

[Exeunt ARRAGON and Train.]

Por. Thus hath the candle singed the moth.

O, these deliberate fools, when they do choose

They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

Ner. The ancient saying is no heresy,

Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

Por. Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

Enter a Messenger

Mess. Where is my lady ?

Por. Here, what would my lord ?

Mess. Madam, there is alighted at your gate

A young Venetian, one that comes before

To signify the approaching of his lord,

From whom he bringeth sensible regreets,

To wit (besides commends and courteous breath)

Gifts of rich value. Yet I have not seen

So likely an ambassador of love :

A day in April never came so sweet,
To show how costly summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

Por. No more, I pray thee, I am half afeard
Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to thee.
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him.
Come, come, Nerissa, for I long to see
Quick Cupid's post that comes so mannerly.

Ner. Bassanio lord,—Love, if thy will it be!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT THIRD

SCENE I.—Venice. A Street

Enter SALANIO and SALARINO

Salan. Now, what news on the Rialto?

Salar. Why, yet it lives there unchecked, that
Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wrecked on the
narrow seas; the Goodwins, I think they call the
place, a very dangerous flat, and fatal, where the
carcases of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say,
if my gossip Report be an honest woman of her
word.

Salan. I would she were as lying a gossip in
that as ever knapped ginger or made her neighbours

believe she wept for the death of a third husband. But it is true, without any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plain highway of talk, that the good Antonio, the honest Antonio—O, that I had a title good enough to keep his name company—

Salar. Come, the full stop.

Salan. Ha, what sayest thou? Why, the end is, he hath lost a ship.

Salar. I would it might prove the end of his losses.

Salan. Let me say 'amen' betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer, for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.

Enter SHYLOCK

How now, Shylock, what news among the merchants?

Shy. You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

Salar. That's certain: I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.

Salan. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledged; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damned for it.

Salar. That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

Shy. My own flesh and blood to rebel !

Salan. Out upon it, old carrion, rebels it at these years ?

Shy. I say my daughter is my flesh and blood.

Salar. There is more difference between thy flesh and hers than between jet and ivory ; more between your bloods than there is between red wine and rhenish. But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no ?

Shy. There I have another bad match ; a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto ; a beggar, that used to come so smug upon the mart : Let him look to his bond : he was wont to call me usurer ; let him look to his bond : he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy ; let him look to his bond.

Salar. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh ; what's that good for ?

Shy. To bait fish withal ; if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million, laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies ; and what's his reason ? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes ? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions ?

fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? why, revenge. The villainy you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.

Enter a Servant

Serv. Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house, and desires to speak with you both.

Salar. We have been up and down to seek him.

Salan. Here comes another of the tribe, a third cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew. [*Exeunt SALANIO, SALARINO, and Servant.*]

Enter TUBAL

Shy. How now, Tubal? what news from Genoa? Hast thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort. The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now; two thousand ducats in that, and other precious, precious jewels. I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! would she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them?—Why, so; and I know not what's spent in the search: why, thou loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief, and no satisfaction, no revenge; nor no ill luck stirring, but what lights o' my shoulders; no sighs, but o' my breathing; no tears, but o' my shedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too. Antonio, as I heard in Genoa—

Shy. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tub. —hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis

Shy. I thank God! I thank God! Is it true? is it true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal. Good news, good news:—Ha, ha! . . . hear . . . in Genoa?

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one night, fourscore ducats.

Shy. Thou stick'st a dagger in me. I shall never see my gold again. Fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

Shy. I am very glad of it: I'll plague him; I'll torture him; I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them showed me a ring that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: it was my turquoise; I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor. I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

Tub. But Antonio is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true. Go, Tubal, fee me an officer, bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will. Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Belmont. A Room in PORTIA'S
House

*Enter BASSANIO, PORTIA, GRATIANO, NERISSA, and
Attendants*

Por. I pray you, tarry ; pause a day or two
Before you hazard, for in choosing wrong
I lose your company ; therefore, forbear awhile.
There's something tells me, but it is not love,
I would not lose you,—and you know yourself,
Hate counsels not in such a quality ;
But lest you should not understand me well
(And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought)
I would detain you here some month or two
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to choose right,—but then I am forsworn ;
So will I never be : so may you miss me ;
But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin,
That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes,
They have o'erlooked me, and divided me :
One half of me is yours, the other half yours,
Mine own, I would say ; but if mine, then yours,
And so all yours. O, these naughty times
Put bars between the owners and their rights ;
And so, though yours, not yours ;—prove it so,

Let Fortune go to hell for it, not I.
I speak too long ; but 't is to peise the time,
To eke it, and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.

Bass. Let me choose,
For as I am, I live upon the rack.

Por. Upon the rack, Bassanio : then confess
What treason there is mingled with your love.

Bass. None, but that ugly treason of mistrust
Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love.
There may as well be amity and life
'Tween snow and fire as treason and my love.

Por. Ay, but I fear you speak upon the rack,
Where men enforcéd do speak anything.

Bass. Promise me life, and I 'll confess the truth.

Por. Well then, confess and live.

Bass. Confess and love,
Had been the very sum of my confession :
O happy torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me answers for deliverance :
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

[Curtain drawn from before the caskets.]

Por. Away then, I am locked in one of them,
If you do love me, you will find me out.
Nerissa and the rest, stand all aloof.
Let music sound, while he doth make his choice,

Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in music. That the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream
And watery death-bed for him. He may win ;
And what is music then ? then music is
Even as the flourish when true subjects bow
To a new-crownéd monarch ; such it is,
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
And summon him to marriage.—Now he goes,
With no less presence but with much more love
Than young Alcides when he did redeem
The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy
To the sea-monster : I stand for sacrifice,
The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,
With blearéd visages, come forth to view
The issue of the exploit : go, Hercules,
Live thou, I live :—with much, much more dismay,
I view the fight than thou that mak'st the fray.

*A song, the whilst BASSANIO comments on the
caskets to himself.*

*Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head ?
How begot, how nourishéd ?*

Reply, reply.

*It is engendered in the eyes,
With gazing fed, and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies,*

*Let us all ring fancy's knell :
I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.*

All. *Ding, dong, bell.*

Bass. So may the outward shows be least themselves :

The world is still deceived with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt
But, being seasoned with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil ? In religion,
What damnéd error but some sober brow
Will bless it and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament ?
There is no vice so simple but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars,
Who, inward searched, have livers white as milk,
And these assume but valour's excrement,
To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,
And you shall see 't is purchased by the weight,
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it :

So are those crisped snaky golden locks,
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind
Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The skull that bred them in the sepulchre.
Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
To a most dangerous sea ; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty ; in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee ;
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man : but thou, thou meagre lead,
Which rather threat'nest than dost promise aught,
Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence,
And here choose I. Joy be the consequence !

Por. How all the other passions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embraced despair,
And shuddering fear, and green-eyed jealousy !
O love, be moderate, allay thy ecstasy,
In measure rain thy joy, scant this excess :
I feel too much thy blessing ! make it less,
For fear I surfeit !

Bass. What find I here ?

[Opening the leaden casket.]

Fair Portia's counterfeit. What demi-god

Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?
 Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
 Seem they in motion? Here are severed lips
 Parted with sugar breath, so sweet a bar
 Should sunder such sweet friends. Here in her
 hairs,

The painter plays the spider and hath woven
 A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men
 Faster than gnats in cobwebs. But her eyes,
 How could he see to do them? having made one
 Methinks it should have power to steal both his,
 And leave itself unfurnished: yet look, how far
 The substance of my praise doth wrong this
 shadow

In underprizing it, so far this shadow
 Doth limp behind the substance. Here's the
 scroll,

The continent and summary of my fortune:

[*Reads.*] *You that choose not by the view,
 Chance as fair, and choose as true,
 Since this fortune falls to you,
 Be content; and seek no new.
 If you be well pleased with this,
 And hold your fortune for your bliss,
 Turn you where your Lady is,
 And claim her with a loving kiss.*

A gentle scroll.—Fair lady, by your leave,
I come by note, to give and to receive.

[*Kissing her.*]

Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
Hearing applause, and universal shout,
Giddy in spirit, still gazing in a doubt
Whether those peals of praise be his or no ;
So, thrice fair lady, stand I, even so,
As doubtful whether what I see be true,
Until confirmed, signed, ratified by you.

Por. You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am : though for myself alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better, yet for you
I would be trebled twenty times myself ;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
more rich ;

That, only to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account : but the full sum of me
Is sum of nothing ; which, to term in gross,
Is an unlessoned girl, unschooled, unpractised,
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn ; happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn ;

Happiest of all is, that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself, and what is mine, to you and yours
Is now converted : but now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself ; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same myself,
Are yours, my lord. I give them with this
ring,

Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

Bass. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins,
And there is such confusion in my powers
As after some oration, fairly spoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleaséd multitude ;
Where every something, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,
Expressed, and not expressed. But when this
ring

Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence :
O, then be bold to say, Bassanio's dead.

Ner. My lord and lady, it is now our time,

That have stood by and seen our wishes prosper,
To cry, good joy. Good joy, my lord and lady !

Gra. My lord Bassanio, and my gentle lady,
I wish you all the joy that you can wish ;
For, I am sure, you can wish none from me,
And, when your honours mean to solemnise
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you
Even at that time I may be married too.

Bass. With all my heart, so thou canst get a
wife.

Gra. I thank your lordship, you have got me
one,

My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours,—
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid ;
You loved, I loved ; for intermission
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune stood upon the caskets there,
And so did mine too, as the matter falls ;
For wooing here until I sweat again,
And swearing till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love, at last, if promise last,
I got a promise of this fair one here,
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Achieved her mistress.

Por. Is this true, Nerissa ?

Ner. Madam, it is, so you stand pleased withal

Bass. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith ?

Gra. Yes, faith, my lord.

Bass. Our feast shall be much honoured in your marriage.

Gra. We'll play with them the first boy for a thousand ducats.

Ner. What, and stake down ?

Gra. No, we shall ne'er win at that sport, and stake down.

But who comes here ? Lorenzo, and his infidel ?
What ! and my old Venetian friend Salerio ?

Enter LORENZO, JESSICA, and SALERIO

Bass. Lorenzo and Salerio, welcome hither,
If that the youth of my new interest here
Have power to bid you welcome. By your leave
I bid my very friends and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome.

Por. So do I, my lord,
They are entirely welcome.

Lor. I thank your honour.—For my part, my
lord,

My purpose was not to have seen you here ;
But meeting with Salerio by the way,
He did entreat me, past all saying nay,
To come with him along.

Saler. I did, my lord,
And I have reason for it.—Signior Antonio
Commends him to you.

[*Gives BASSANIO a letter.*]

Bass. Ere I ope his letter,
I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth.

Saler. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind ;
Nor well, unless in mind ; his letter there
Will show you his estate.

[*BASSANIO reads the letter.*]

Gra. Nerissa, cheer yon stranger ; bid her wel-
come.

Your hand, Salerio. What's the news from
Venice ?

How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio ?
I know he will be glad of our success ;
We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece.

Saler. I would you had won the fleece that he
hath lost !

Por. There are some shrewd contents in yon
same paper,
That steals the colour from Bassanio's cheek :
Some dear friend dead, else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse ?—
With leave, Bassanio ; I am half yourself,

And I must freely have the half of anything
That this same paper brings you.

Bass.

O sweet Portia,

Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words
That ever blotted paper. Gentle lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins,—I was a gentleman :
And then I told you true, and yet, dear lady,
Rating myself at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a braggart. When I told you,
My state was nothing, I should then have told
you,

That I was worse than nothing ; for indeed,
I have engaged myself to a dear friend,
Engaged my friend to his mere enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady ;
The paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Issuing life-blood. But is it true, Salerio ?
Hath all his ventures failed ? What, not one hit ?
From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India,
And not one vessel scape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks ?

Saler.

Not one, my lord.

Besides, it should appear, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it. Never did I know
A creature, that did bear the shape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man,
He plies the Duke at morning and at night,
And doth impeach the freedom of the state
If they deny him justice. Twenty merchants,
The Duke himself, and the magnificoes
Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him,
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.

Jes. When I was with him I have heard him
swear

To Tubal, and to Chus, his countrymen,
That he would rather have Antonio's flesh
Than twenty times the value of the sum
That he did owe him ; and I know, my lord,
If law, authority, and power deny not,
It will go hard with poor Antonio.

Por. Is it your dear friend that is thus in
trouble ?

Bass. The dearest friend to me, the kindest
man,

The best-conditioned and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies ; and one in whom

The ancient Roman honour more appears,
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

Por. What sum owes he the Jew?

Bass. For me, three thousand ducats.

Por.

What, no more?

Pay him six thousand and deface the bond :-

Double six thousand, and then treble that,

Before a friend of this description

Shall lose a hair through Bassanio's fault.

First go with me to church, and call me wife,

And then away to Venice to your friend ;

For never shall you lie by Portia's side

With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold

To pay the petty debt twenty times over.

When it is paid, bring your true friend along ;

My maid Nerissa, and myself, meantime,

Will live as maids and widows. Come away,

For you shall hence upon your wedding-day.

Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer ;

Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.—

But let me hear the letter of your friend.

Bass. [*Reads.*] *Sweet Bassanio, My ships have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low ; my bond to the Jew is forfeit, and since in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared between you and I if I might but see you*

at my death. Notwithstanding, use your pleasure : if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.

Por. O, love, despatch all business, and be gone.

Bass. Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haste ; but till I come again,
No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,
Nor rest be interposer 'twixt us twain.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Venice. A Street

Enter SHYLOCK, SALARINO, ANTONIO, and Gaoler

Shy. Gaoler, look to him : tell not me of mercy.
This is the fool that lent out money gratis.
Gaoler, look to him.

Ant. Hear me yet, good Shylock.

Shy. I'll have my bond ; speak not against my
bond.

I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond.
Thou call'dst me dog before thou hadst a cause,
But since I am a dog, beware my fangs.
The Duke shall grant me justice. I do wonder,
Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond
To come abroad with him at his request.

Ant. I pray thee, hear me speak.

Shy. I'll have my bond : I will not hear thee
speak :

I'll have my bond : and therefore speak no more.
I'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors. Follow not ;
I'll have no speaking : I will have my bond.

[*Exit.*

Salar. It is the most impenetrable cur
That ever kept with men.

Ant.

Let him alone :

I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.
He seeks my life ; his reason well I know ;
I oft delivered from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made moan to me ;
Therefore he hates me.

Salar.

I am sure, the Duke

Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

Ant. The Duke cannot deny the course of law :
For the commodity that strangers have
With us in Venice, if it be denied,
Will much impeach the justice of the state,
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Consisteth of all nations. Therefore, go :
These griefs and losses have so bated me
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh

To-morrow to my bloody creditor.—
Well, gaoler, on.—Pray God, Bassanio come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Belmont. A Room in PORTIA'S
House

Enter PORTIA, NERISSA, LORENZO, JESSICA,
and BALTHAZAR

Lor. Madam, although I speak it in your presence,

You have a noble and a true conceit
Of god-like amity ; which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But, if you knew to whom you show this honour,
How true a gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover of my lord, your husband,
I know, you would be prouder of the work
Than customary bounty can enforce you.

Por. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now : for in companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit ;

Which makes me think that this Antonio,
Being the bosom lover of my lord,
Must needs be like my lord. If it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestowed
In purchasing the semblance of my soul
From out the state of hellish cruelty !
This comes too near the praising of myself ;
Therefore, no more of it : hear other things.
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The husbandry and manage of my house
Until my lord's return : for mine own part,
I have toward heaven breathed a secret vow
To live in prayer and contemplation
Only attended by Nerissa here,
Until her husband and my lord's return.
There is a monastery two miles off,
And there we will abide. I do desire you
Not to deny this imposition
The which my love and some necessity
Now lays upon you.

Lor. Madam, with all my heart
I shall obey you in all fair commands.

Por. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jessica
In place of Lord Bassanio and myself.
So fare you well till we shall meet again.

Lor. Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on
you !

Jes. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well
pleased

To wish it back on you : fare you well, Jessica.

[*Exeunt JESSICA and LORENZO.*]

Now, Balthazar,

As I have ever found thee honest-true,
So let me find thee still. Take this same letter,
And use thou all the endeavour of a man
In speed to Padua : see thou render this
Into my cousin's hand, doctor Bellario ;
And look, what notes and garments he doth give
thee,

Bring them, I pray thee, with imagined speed
Unto the tranect, to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice. Waste no time in words,
But get thee gone : I shall be there before thee.

Bal. Madam, I go with all convenient speed.

[*Exit.*]

Por. Come on, Nerissa : I have work in hand
That you yet know not of. We'll see our hus-
bands

Before they think of us.

Ner. Shall they see us ?

Por. They shall, Nerissa ; but in such a habit,
That they shall think we are accomplishéd
With that we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accoutred like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two ;
And wear my dagger with the braver grace ;
And speak between the change of man and
boy

With a reed voice ; and turn two mincing
steps

Into a manly stride ; and speak of frays,
Like a fine bragging youth ; and tell quaint lies,
How honourable ladies sought my love,
Which I denying, they fell sick and died,
I could not do withal : then I'll repent,
And wish, for all that, that I had not killed
them.

And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell,
That men shall swear I have discontinued school
Above a twelvemonth. I have within my mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,
Which I will practise.

Ner. Why, shall we turn to men ?

Por. Fie, what a question's that,
If thou wert near a lewd interpreter !
But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device

When I am in my coach, which stays for us
At the park gate ; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to-day.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—The Same. A Garden

Enter LAUNCELOT and JESSICA

Laun. Yes, truly ; for, look you, the sins of the father are to be laid upon the children ; therefore, I promise you, I fear you. I was always plain with you, and so now I speak my agitation of the matter : therefore, be of good cheer ; for, truly, I think you are damned. There is but one hope in it that can do you any good, and that is but a kind of bastard hope neither.

Jes. And what hope is that, I pray thee ?

Laun. Marry, you may partly hope that your father got you not, that you are not the Jew's daughter.

Jes. That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed : so the sins of my mother should be visited upon me.

Laun. Truly then I fear you are damned both by father and mother : thus when I shun Scylla,

your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother. Well, you are gone, both ways.

Jes. I shall be saved by my husband ; he hath made me a Christian.

Laun. Truly, the more to blame he : we were Christians enow before ; e'en as many as could well live one by another. This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs : if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.

Jes. I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say : here he comes.

Enter LORENZO

Lor. I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

Jes. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo, Launcelot and I are out. He tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter : and he says, you are no good member of the commonwealth, for, in converting Jews to Christians you raise the price of pork.

Lor. I shall answer that better to the commonwealth, than you can the getting up of the negro's belly : the Moor is with child by you, Launcelot.

Laun. It is much, that the Moor should be

more than reason ; but if she be less than an honest woman, she is, indeed, more than I took her for.

Lor. How every fool can play upon the word ! I think, the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence, and discourse grow commendable in none only but parrots. Go in, sirrah ; bid them prepare for dinner.

Laun. That is done, sir ; they have all stomachs.

Lor. Goodly Lord, what a wit-snapper are you ! then bid them prepare dinner.

Laun. That is done too, sir ; only, cover is the word.

Lor. Will you cover then, sir ?

Laun. Not so, sir, neither ; I know my duty.

Lor. Yet more quarrelling with occasion ? Wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant ? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning : go to thy fellows, bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Laun. For the table, sir, it shall be served in ; for the meat, sir, it shall be covered ; for your coming in to dinner, sir, why, let it be as humours and conceits shall govern.

[*Exit.*

Lor. O dear discretion, how his words are suited !

The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words ; and I do know
A many fools, that stand in better place,
Garnished like him, that for a tricky word
Defy the matter. How cheer'st thou, Jessica ?
And now, good sweet, say thy opinion,
How dost thou like the Lord Bassanio's wife

Jes. Past all expressing. It is very meet
The Lord Bassanio live an upright life,
For, having such a blessing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth ;
And, if on earth he do not mean it, then
In reason he should never come to heaven.
Why, if two gods should play some heavenly
match,

And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one, there must be something else
Pawned with the other, for the poor rude
world
Hath not her fellow.

Lor. Even such a husband
Hast thou of me, as she is for a wife.

Jes. Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.

Lor. I will anon ; first, let us go to dinner.

Jes. Nay, let me praise you while I have a stomach.

Lor. No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk ;
Then, howsoe'er thou speak'st, 'mong other things
I shall digest it.

Jes. Well, I'll set you forth. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT FOURTH

SCENE I.—Venice. A Court of Justice

*Enter the DUKE ; the Magnificoes ; ANTONIO,
BASSANIO, GRATIANO, SALARINO, SALERIO, and
others*

Duke. What, is Antonio here ?

Ant. Ready, so please your grace.

Duke. I am sorry for thee : thou art come to
answer

A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.

Ant. I have heard
Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course ; but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me

Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury, and am armed
To suffer with a quietness of spirit
The very tyranny and rage of his.

Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

Salar. He's ready at the door. He comes, my
lord.

Enter SHYLOCK

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our
face.

Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act; and then, 't is thought,
'Thou 'lt show thy mercy and remorse more strange
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty;
And where thou now exact'st the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,
Thou wilt not only loose the forfeiture,
But, touched with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses
That have of late so huddled on his back,
Enow to press a royal merchant down
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never trained

To offices of tender courtesy.

We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

Shy. I have possessed your grace of what I
purpose ;

And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn

To have the due and forfeit of my bond :

If you deny it, let the danger light

Upon your charter and your city's freedom.

You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have

A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive

Three thousand ducats? I'll not answer that,

But, say, it is my humour: is it answered?

What if my house be troubled with a rat,

And I be pleased to give ten thousand ducats

To have it baned? What, are you answered
yet?

Some men there are love not a gaping pig ;

Some that are mad if they behold a cat ;

And others, when the bagpipe sings i' the nose,

Cannot contain their urine: for affection,

Master of passion, sways it to the mood

Of what it likes or loathes. Now, for your answer.

As there is no firm reason to be rendered,

Why he cannot abide a gaping pig ;

Why he, a harmless necessary cat ;

Why he, a woollen bagpipe, but of force

Must yield to such inevitable shame
As to offend, himself being offended ;
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodged hate, and a certain loathing
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answered ?

Bass. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my
answer.

Bass. Do all men kill the things they do not
love ?

Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not
kill ?

Bass. Every offence is not a hate at first.

Shy. What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting
thee twice ?

Ant. I pray you, think you question with the
Jew.

You may as well go stand upon the beach
And bid the main flood bate his usual height ;
You may as well use question with the wolf
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb ;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven ;

You may as well do anything most hard
As seek to soften that (than which what's
harder?)

His Jewish heart. Therefore, I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no further means ;
But with all brief and plain conveniency,
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

Shy. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them : I would have my bond.

Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering
none?

Shy. What judgment shall I dread, doing no
wrong?

You have among you many a purchased slave,
Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts
Because you bought them :—shall I say to you,
Let them be free ; marry them to your heirs ?
Why sweat they under burdens ? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be seasoned with such viands ? You will answer,
The slaves are ours. So do I answer you :
The pound of flesh which I demand of him
Is dearly bought ; 't is mine, and I will have it.

If you deny me, fie upon your law !
There is no force in the decrees of Venice.

I stand for judgment : answer ; shall I have it ?

Duke. Upon my power I may dismiss this court,
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

Salar. My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.

Duke. Bring us the letters ; call the messenger.

Bass. Good cheer, Antonio ! What, man, courage
yet !

The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

Ant. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death : the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me.
You cannot better be employed, Bassanio,
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

Enter NERISSA, dressed like a lawyer's clerk

Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario ?

Ner. From both, my lord. Bellario greets your
grace. [*Presents a letter.*]

Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly ?

Shy. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.

Gra. Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,

Thou mak'st thy knife keen ; but no metal can,
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keen-
ness

Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee ?

Shy. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

Gra. O, be thou damned, inexecrable dog,
And for thy life let justice be accused !
Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men : thy currish spirit
Governed a wolf, who, hanged for human slaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
And whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallowed dam
Infused itself in thee ; for thy desires
Are wolfish, bloody, starved, and ravenous.

Shy. Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,

Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud.
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureless ruin.—I stand here for law.

Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court.
Where is he?

Ner. He attendeth here hard by
To know your answer, whether you'll admit
him.

Duke. With all my heart. Some three or four
of you
Go give him courteous conduct to this place.

Meantime, the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

Clerk. [*Reads.*] Your grace shall understand,
that, at the receipt of your letter, I am very sick;
but in the instant that your messenger came, in
loving visitation was with me a young doctor of
Rome; his name is Balthazar. I acquainted him
with the cause in controversy between the Jew and
Antonio, the merchant; we turned o'er many books
together: he is furnished with my opinion, which,
bettered with his own learning, the greatness whereof
I cannot enough commend, comes with him, at my
importunity, to fill up your grace's request in my
stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no
impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation,
for I never knew so young a body with so old a head.
I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial
shall better publish his commendation.

Duke. You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes :
And here, I take it, is the doctor come.

Enter PORTIA for BALTHAZAR

Give me your hand. Came you from old Bellario ?

Por. I did, my lord.

Duke. You are welcome ; take your place.

Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the court ?

Por. I am informéd th'roughly of the cause.
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew ?

Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

Por. Is your name Shylock ?

Shy. Shylock is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow ;
Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed.
[To ANTONIO.] You stand within his danger, do
you not ?

Ant. Ay, so he says.

Por. Do you confess the bond ?

Ant. I do.

Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.

Shy. On what compulsion must I? tell me that.

Por. The quality of mercy is not strained,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath : it is twice blessed :
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest, it becomes
The thronéd monarch better than his crown :
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway,
It is enthronéd in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself,
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
That in the course of justice none of us
Should see salvation : we do pray for mercy,
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoken thus much
To mitigate the justice of thy plea,
Which if thou wilt follow, this strict court of
Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant
there.

Shy. My deeds upon my head ! I crave the
Law,

The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money ?

Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him in the
court ;

Yea, twice the sum : if that will not suffice,

I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,

On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart.

If this will not suffice, it must appear

That malice bears down truth. And I beseech
you,

Wrest once the law to your authority :

To do a great right, do a little wrong,

And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Por. It must not be : there is no power in
Venice

Can alter a decree established ;

'T will be recorded for a precedent,

And many an error, by the same example,

Will rush into the state : it cannot be.

Shy. A Daniel come to judgment ! yea, a Daniel !
O wise young judge, how I do honour thee !

Por. I pray you let me look upon the bond.

Shy. Here 't is, most reverend doctor, here
it is.

Por. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offered thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven,

Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?

No, not for Venice.

Por. Why, this bond is forfeit,
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart. Be merciful :
Take thrice thy money ; bid me tear the bond.

Shy. When it is paid, according to the tenour.
It doth appear you are a worthy judge ;
You know the law, your exposition
Hath been most sound : I charge you by the Law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment. By my soul I swear,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me. I stay here on my bond.

Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgment.

Por. Why then, thus it is :
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.

Shy. O noble judge ! O excellent young man !

Por. For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,

Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

Shy. 'Tis very true. O wise and upright judge !

How much more elder art thou than thy looks !

Por. Therefore, lay bare your bosom.

Shy. Ay, his breast ;

So says the bond :—doth it not, noble judge?—

'Nearest his heart : ' those are the very words.

Por. It is so. Are there balance here to weigh
The flesh ?

Shy. I have them ready.

Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your
charge,

To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond ?

Por. It is not so expressed ; but what of that ?

'T were good you do so much for charity.

Shy. I cannot find it : 't is not in the bond ?

Por. You, merchant, have you anything to
say ?

Ant. But little ; I am armed and well prepared.

Give me your hand, Bassanio : fare you well.

Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you ;

For herein Fortune shows herself more kind

Than is her custom : it is still her use

To let the wretched man outlive his wealth

To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow
An age of poverty ; from which lingering penance
Of such misery doth she cut me off.

Commend me to your honourable wife :

Tell her the process of Antonio's end ;

Say how I loved you, speak me fair in death ;

And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge

Whether Bassanio had not once a love.

Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,

And he repents not that he pays your debt ;

For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,

I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

Bass. Antonio, I am married to a wife

Which is as dear to me as life itself ;

But life itself, my wife, and all the world,

Are not with me esteemed above thy life ;

I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all

Here to this devil, to deliver you.

Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for
that,

If she were by to hear you make the offer.

Gra. I have a wife whom I protest I love :

I would she were in heaven, so she could

Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.

Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back ;

The wish would make else an unquiet house.

Shy. These be the Christian husbands. I have
a daughter ;

'Would any of the stock of Barrabas
Had been her husband, rather than a Christian.
We trifle time ; I pray thee, pursue sentence.

Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is
thine :

The Court awards it, and the Law doth give it.

Shy. Most rightful judge !

Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his
breast :

The Law allows it, and the Court awards it.

Shy. Most learned judge !—A sentence ! come,
prepare !

Por. Tarry a little ; there is something else.
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood ;
The words expressly are, a pound of flesh :
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh ;
But in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the state of Venice.

Gra. O upright judge !—Mark, Jew :—O learned
judge !

Shy. Is that the law ?

Por. Thyself shalt see the Act ;

For, as thou urgest justice, be assured,
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.

Gra. O learned judge!—Mark Jew :—a learned judge!

Shy. I take this offer then ; pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.

Bass. Here is the money.

Por. Soft !

The Jew shall have all justice ;—soft !—no haste :
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

Gra. O Jew, an upright judge, a learned judge !

Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
Shed thou no blood ; nor cut thou less nor more
But just a pound of flesh : if thou takest more
Or less than a just pound,—be it but so much
As makes it light or heavy in the substance
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple, nay if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair,
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew !
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

Por. Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture.

Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.

Bass. I have it ready for thee ; here it is.

Por. He hath refused it in the open court :
He shall have merely justice, and his bond.

Gra. A Daniel, still say I ; a second Daniel !
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

Shy. Shall I not have barely my principal ?

Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the for
feiture,

To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

Shy. Why then the devil give him good of it !
I'll stay no longer question.

Por. Tarry, Jew,

The Law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,
If it be proved against an alien,
That, by direct or indirect attempts,
He seek the life of any citizen,
The party against the which he doth contrive
Shall seize one half his goods ; the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the State,
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the Duke only, against all other voice.
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st ;
For it appears by manifest proceeding,
That indirectly and directly too,
Thou hast contrived against the very life
Of the defendant. and thou hast incurred

The danger formerly by me rehearsed.

Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.

Gra. Beg, that thou may'st have leave to hang thyself;

And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the State,

'Thou hast not left the value of a cord ;

Therefore thou must be hanged at the State's charge.

Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirits,

I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it.

For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's :

The other half comes to the general State,

Which humbleness may drive into a fine.

Por. Ay, for the State ; not for Antonio.

Shy. Nay, take my life and all ; pardon not that :

You take my house, when you do take the prop

That doth sustain my house ; you take my life,

When you do take the means whereby I live.

Por. What mercy can you render him, Antonio ?—

Gra. A halter gratis ; nothing else, for God's sake.—

Ant. So please my lord the Duke, and all the Court,

To quit the fine for one half of his goods,
I am content so he will let me have
The other half in use, to render it
Upon his death unto the gentleman
That lately stole his daughter :
Two things provided more,—that, for this favour,
He presently become a Christian ;
The other, that he do record a gift,
Here in the court, of all he dies possessed
Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter.

Duke. He shall do this, or else I do recant
The pardon, that I late pronouncéd here.

Por. Art thou contented Jew ? what dost thou
say ?

Shy. I am content.

Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

Shy. I pray you give me leave to go from hence.
I am not well. Send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

Gra. In christening thou shalt have two god-
fathers,
Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten
more,
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.

[*Exit SHYLOCK.*]

Duke. Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.

Por. I humbly do desire your grace of pardon,
I must away this night toward Padua,
And it is meet I presently set forth.

Duke. I am sorry that your leisure serves you not.

Antonio, gratify this gentleman,
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.

[*Exeunt DUKE and his Train.*]

Bass. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties ; in lieu whereof,
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

Ant. And stand indebted, over and above,
In love and service to you evermore.

Por. He is well paid that is well satisfied ;
And I, delivering you, am satisfied,
And therein do account myself well paid :
My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you, know me when we meet again :
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

Bass. Dear sir, of force I must attempt you
further :
Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute

Not as a fee. Grant me two things, I pray you ;
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

Por. You press me far, and therefore I will
yield.

Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your
sake ;

And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you.

Do not draw back your hand ; I'll take no
more ;

And you in love shall not deny me this.

Bass. This ring, good sir ? alas, it is a trifle ;
I will not shame myself to give you this.

Por. I will have nothing else but only this ;
And now, methinks, I have a mind to it

Bass. There's more depends on this than on the
value.

The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,

And find it out by proclamation :

Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.

Por. I see, sir, you are liberal in offers.
You taught me first to beg, and now, methinks,
You teach me how a beggar should be answered.

Bass. Good sir, this ring was given me by my
wife :

And when she put it on, she made me vow
That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it

Por. That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts.

An if your wife be not a mad-woman,
And know how well I have deserved this ring,
She would not hold out enemy for ever,
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you.

[*Exeunt* PORTIA and NERISSA.]

Ant. My lord Bassanio, let him have the ring :
Let his deservings, and my love withal,
Be valued 'gainst your wife's commandement.

Bass. Go, Gratiano; run and overtake him
Give him the ring; and bring him, if thou canst,
Unto Antonio's house. Away! make haste.

[*Exit* GRATIANO.]

Come, you and I will thither presently,
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward Belmont. Come, Antonio.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—The Same. A Street

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA

Por. Inquire the Jew's house out, give him this deed,
And let him sign it; we'll away to-night,

And be a day before our husbands home.
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter GRATIANO

Gra. Fair sir, you are well o'erta'en.
My lord Bassanio, upon more advice,
Hath sent you here this ring, and doth entreat
Your company at dinner.

Por. That cannot be.
His ring I do accept most thankfully,
And so I pray you, tell him: furthermore,
I pray you, show my youth old Shylock's house.

Gra. That will I do.

Ner. Sir, I would speak with you.—
[*To PORTIA.*] I'll see if I can get my husband's
ring,
Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.

Por. [*To NERISSA.*] Thou may'st, I warrant.
We shall have old swearing
That they did give the rings away to men;
But we'll outface them and outswear them too.
[*Aloud.*] Away! make haste: thou know'st where
I will tarry.

Ner. Come, good sir, will you show me to this
house? [*Exeunt.*]

The Merchant of Venice

ACT FIFTH

SCENE I.—Belmont. The Avenue to PORTIA'S
House

Enter LORENZO and JESSICA

Lor. The moon shines bright. In such a night
as this,

When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise, in such a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls
And sighed his soul towards the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.

Jes. In such a night
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew,
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismayed away.

Lor. In such a night
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea-banks, and waved her love
To come again to Carthage.

Jes. In such a night
Medea gathered the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.

Lor. In such a night

The Merchant of Venice

Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew,
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice,
As far as Belmont.

Jes. In such a night
Did young Lorenzo swear he loved her well,
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.

Lor. In such a night
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

Jes. I would out-night you did no body come ;
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter STEPHANO

Lor. Who comes so fast in silence of the night ?

Steph. A friend.

Lor. A friend ? what friend ? your name, I pray
you, friend ?

Steph. Stephano is my name ; and I bring word
My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont ; she doth stray about
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.

Lor. Who comes with her ?

Steph. None, but a holy hermit, and her maid.
I pray you, is my master yet returned ?

The Merchant of Venice

Lor. He is not, nor we have not heard from him.
But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Enter LAUNCELOT

Laun. Sola, sola ! wo ha, ho ! sola, sola !

Lor. Who calls ?

Laun. Sola ! did you see Master Lorenzo, and
Mistress Lorenzo ? sola, sola !

Lor. Leave hallowing, man ;—here.

Laun. Sola ! where ? where ?

Lor. Here.

Laun. Tell him, there's a post come from my
master, with his horn full of good news : my master
will be here ere morning. *[Exit.*

Lor. Sweet soul, let's in, and there expect their
coming.

And yet no matter ; why should we go in ?

My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,
Within the house, your mistress is at hand ;
And bring your music forth into the air.

[Exit STEPHANO.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank !
Here we will sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears : soft stillness and the night

The Merchant of Venice

Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica : look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold.
There 's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins :
Such harmony is in immortal souls :
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

Enter Musicians

Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn :
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music. [*Music.*

Jes. I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive :
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing
loud,

Which is the hot condition of their blood ;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turned to a modest gaze
By the sweet power of music : therefore the poet

Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and
floods ;

Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils ;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus ;
Let no such man be trusted : Mark the music.

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA, at a distance

Por. That light we see is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws his beams !
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Ner. When the moon shone we did not see the
candle.

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the less :
A substitute shines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by ; and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters :—Music : hark !

Ner. It is your music, madam, of the house.

Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect.
Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.

Ner. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

Por. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark

When neither is attended ; and, I think,
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.
How many things by season seasoned are
To their right praise, and true perfection !—
Peace, ho !—the moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awaked. [*Music ceases.*]

Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceived, of Portia.

Por. He knows me as the blind man knows the
cuckoo,
By the bad voice.

Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.

Por. We have been praying for our husbands'
welfare,
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they returned ?

Lor. Madam, they are not yet ;
But there is come a messenger before,
To signify their coming.

Por. Go in, Nerissa ;
Give order to my servants, that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence ;
Nor you, Lorenzo ; Jessica, nor you.
[*A tucket sounds.*]

Lor. Your husband is at hand ; I hear his trumpet.

We are no tell-tales, madam ; fear you not.

Por. This night, methinks, is but the daylight sick ;

It looks a little paler : 't is a day,
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

Enter BASSANIO, ANTONIO, GRATIANO, and their Followers

Bass. We should hold day with the Antipodes
If you would walk in absence of the sun.

Por. Let me give light, but let me not be light ;
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,
And never be Bassanio so for me :
But God sort all ! You are welcome home, my lord.

Bass. I thank you, madam. Give welcome to my friend :
This is the man, this is Antonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

Por. You should in all sense be much bound to him,
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

Ant. No more than I am well acquitted of.

Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house :

It must appear in other ways than words,
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy.

Gra. [*To NERISSA.*] By yonder moon, I swear,
you do me wrong ;

In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk :
Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.

Por. A quarrel, ho, already ! what's the matter ?

Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That she did give me, whose posy was
For all the world like cutler's poetry
Upon a knife, *Love me, and leave me not.*

Ner. What talk you of the posy or the value ?
You swore to me when I did give it you
That you would wear it till your hour of death,
And that it should lie with you in your grave :
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should have been respective and have kept it.
Gave it a judge's clerk ! no, God 's my judge,
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on 's face that had it.

Gra. He will, an if he live to be a man.

Ner. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.

Gra. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,
A kind of boy, a little scrubbéd boy,
No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk ;
A prating boy, that begged it as a fee :

I could not for my heart deny it him.

Por. You were to blame, I must be plain with you,

To part so slightly with your wife's first gift ;
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,
And so riveted with faith unto your flesh.

I gave my love a ring, and made him swear
Never to part with it ; and here he stands :

I dare be sworn for him, he would not leave it
Nor pluck it from his finger for the wealth

That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief :
An 't were to me, I should be mad at it.

Bass. [*Aside.*] Why, I were best to cut my left
hand off,

And swear I lost the ring defending it.

Gra. My lord Bassanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begged it, and, indeed,
Deserved it too ; and then the boy, his clerk,
That took some pains in writing, he begged mine ;
And neither man nor master would take aught
But the two rings.

Por. What ring gave you, my lord ?
Not that, I hope, which you received of me.

Bass. If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it ; but you see, my finger

Hath not the ring upon it : it is gone.

Por. Even so void is your false heart of truth.
By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed
Until I see the ring.

Ner. Nor I in yours,
Till I again see mine.

Bass. Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When naught would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

Por. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to contain the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleased to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?
Nerissa teaches me what to believe :
I'll die for 't but some woman had the ring.

Bass. No, by mine honour, madam, by my soul,
No woman had it ; but a civil doctor,
Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,

And begged the ring, the which I did deny him,
And suffered him to go displeased away,
Even he that had held up the very life
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet
lady?

I was enforced to send it after him ;
I was beset with shame and courtesy ;
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much besmear it. Pardon me, good lady,
For, by these blessed candles of the night,
Had you been there, I think, you would have
begged

The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.

Por. Let not that doctor e'er come near my
house.

Since he hath got the jewel that I loved,
And that which you did swear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you :
I'll not deny him any thing I have ;
No, not my body, nor my husband's bed.
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it :
Lie not a night from home ; watch me like
Argus ;

If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now, by mine honour, which is yet mine own,
I'll have that doctor for my bedfellow.

The Merchant of Venice

Ner. And I his clerk ; therefore, be well advised

How you do leave me to mine own protection.

Gra. Well, do you so : let not me take him then ;

For, if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.

Ant. I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.

Por. Sir, grieve not you ; you are welcome notwithstanding.

Bass. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong ;
And in the hearing of these many friends
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I see myself—

Por. Mark you but that !

In both my eyes he doubly sees himself ;
In each eye, one :—swear by your double self,
And there's an oath of credit.

Bass. Nay, but hear me
Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear,
I never more will break an oath with thee.

Ant. I once did lend my body for his wealth,
Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,
Had quite miscarried : I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith advisedly.

Por. Then you shall be his surety. Give him this,

And bid him keep it better than the other.

Ant. Here, Lord Bassanio ; swear to keep this ring

Bass. By heaven. it is the same I gave the doctor.

Por. I had it of him : pardon me, Bassanio, For, by this ring, the doctor lay with me.

Ner. And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano, For that same scrubbéd boy, the doctor's clerk, In lieu of this, last night did lie with me.

Gra. Why, this is like the mending of high ways

In summer where the ways are fair enough.

What, are we cuckolds ere we have deserved it ?

Por. Speak not so grossly. You are all amazed :

Here is a letter, read it at your leisure ;

It comes from Padua, from Bellario :

There you shall find, that Portia was the doctor,

Nerissa there, her clerk. Lorenzo here

Shall witness, I set forth as soon as you,

And even but now returned ; I have not yet

Entered my house. Antonio, you are welcome ;

And I have better news in store for you,

Than you expect : unseal this letter soon ;

There you shall find, three of your argosies
Are richly come to harbour suddenly.
You shall not know by what strange accident
I chanced on this letter.

Ant. I am dumb.

Bass. Were you the doctor, and I knew you
not?

Gra. Were you the clerk that is to make me
cuckold?

Ner. Ay; but the clerk that never means to do
it,

Unless he live until he be a man.

Bass. Sweet doctor, you shall be my bedfellow :
When I am absent, then lie with my wife.

Ant. Sweet lady, you have given me life and
living;

For here I read for certain that my ships
Are safely come to road.

Por. How now, Lorenzo?

My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.

Ner. Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.

There do I give to you and Jessica,
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies possessed of.

Lor. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starv'd people.

Por. It is almost morning,
And yet I am sure you are not satisfied
Of these events at full. Let us go in ;
And charge us there upon inter'gatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.

Gra. Let it be so : the first inter'gatory,
That my Nerissa shall be sworn on, is,
Whether till the next night she had rather stay,
Or go to bed now, being two hours to day :
But were the day come, I should wish it dark,
Till I were couching with the doctor's clerk.
Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing
So sore, as keeping safe Nerissa's ring. [*Exeunt.*

NOTES

I. i. p. 24. **Argosies.**—The name given to large ships, either men-of-war or merchantmen. Its earliest form was *ragusye*, a vessel of Ragusa.

I. i. p. 24. **Plucking the grass, &c.**—Ascham says, "This way I used in shooting. When I was in the myddle way betwixt the markes, which was an open place, there I took a fethere, or a *lyttle grasse*, and so *learned how the wind stood.*"

I. i. p. 25. **By two-headed Janus.**—Janus was one of the most ancient god-kings in Italy; he was generally represented as being two-headed. The double head with which the antique images of Janus appeared, often gave contrasted faces.

I. i. p. 26. **Nestor.**—Nestor was one of the gravest and sagest of the Grecian generals in the Trojan war; the commander-in-chief, Agamemnon, said that, had he ten such counsellors as Nestor, Troy would soon be taken.

I. i. p. 31. **Belmont Colcho's strand.**—In allusion to Jason, prince of Thessaly, who set sail in the ship *Argo* for Colchis, to obtain possession of the Golden Fleece. The Fleece was guarded by a dragon; and Jason, aided by Medea, the daughter of the King of Colchis, succeeded in carrying it off.

I. ii. p. 33. **County Palatine.**—"County" or "Count" was a name applied to noblemen generally. It is supposed that the County Palatine here alluded to was a certain Count Albertus Alasco, a Polish Palatine, who visited the court of Queen Elizabeth in 1583, and whose story of a youth spent in prodigality, and an old age spent in search of the philosopher's stone, was publicly known.

I. ii. p. 34. **Weeping Philosopher.**—Heraclitus, the Greek.

I. ii. p. 35. **Borrowed a box of the ear, &c.**—An allusion to the perpetual quarrels between the Scotch and the English, with the promises of assistance to the former from the French.

I. ii. p. 36. **Sibylla.**—The Cumæan Sibyl, of whom Apollo was enamoured, and on whom he conferred the privilege she demanded of living as many years as she had grains of sand in her hand. Many of the early Christians considered the Sibylla as a divine prophetess, and in some of the religious plays (Townley Plays) of the Middle Ages she acts as such.

I. iii. p. 37. **Shylock.**—This name was used for a Jew in a pamphlet published in 1607, being the reprint of a much older copy; therefore there is a probability that it was known to Shakspeare. It is believed that the name was derived from the Jewish appellation, *Scialac*,—borne by a Maronite of Mount Libanus about the period in question.

I. iii. p. 38. **The Rialto.**—From the Italian *Riva alta*, high shore. The island Rialta, in Venice, was one of the most elevated spots on which the city was built. The Venetian gentlemen and merchants met daily at an exchange which was held on the Rialto.

I. iii. p. 39. **Usance here with us in Venice.**—The Jews were at that time noted and licensed usurers in Venice. This is evident from a history of Italy which was published in 1561. "It is almost incredible what gain the Venetians receive by the usury of the Jews, both privately and in common. For in every city the Jews keep open shops of usury, taking gages of ordinary for fifteen in the hundred by the year."

II. i. p. 46. **Make incision for your love.**—It was the fashion for young gallants to wound themselves in the arm, as a proof of devotion, that they might toast their lady's name, or write it, in the liquor that flowed.

II. i. p. 47. **Solyman.**—Probably he who made war on the Persians, 1535.

II. i. p. 47. **Lichas.**—Lichas was the servant of Hercules. Bringing to Hercules the poisoned garment sent by Dejanira, he was thrown by his master into the sea.

II. ii. p. 54. **Dish of doves.**—It was the custom with the Italian peasants to present their employers with gifts of poultry or fruit.

II. ii. p. 55. **Simple Line of Life.**—The "line of life" was the name given in palmistry to the curved line proceeding downwards inside the hand, from the thumb towards the wrist.

II. iv. p. 60. **Jessica shall be my torch bearer.**—That the office of bearing a torch was held to be rather a distinction than otherwise, appears from a passage in a play by Decker and Webster, 1607: "He is just like a torch bearer to maskers; he wears good clothes, and is ranked in good company, but he doth nothing."

II. v. p. 61. **For I did dream of money bags.**—It was an old popular superstition that to dream of money was unlucky, and betokened coming misfortune.

II. v. p. 62. **My nose fell a-bleeding on Black Monday.**—A sudden bleeding of the nose was reckoned ominous. "Black Monday" means Easter Monday, so called, as Stowe relates, from a certain morrow of Easter that fell on April 14th, 1360, when Edward III. with his host lay before Paris, and when the weather was so dark and bitterly cold that men died on horseback.

II. v. p. 62. **Jacob's staff.**—An allusion to the staff with the help of which Jacob crossed the Jordan. "Jacob's Staff" was also a term frequently used for a pilgrim's staff.

II. v. p. 62. **Worth a Jewess' eye.**—In reference to the popular phrase used with regard to anything extremely precious, "Worth a Jew's eye." The phrase originated in the price paid by Jews in olden times to save their eyes, teeth, &c., from the mutilating hands of their oppressors.

II. viii. p. 71. **Gondola.**—The boat peculiar to the Venetian canals. They were fashioned in Shakspeare's days in precisely the same way as they are at the present day. In the centre is a wooden awning, covered with black cloth; beneath are black leather cushioned seats, and the whole of the boat is painted black.

III. i. p. 83. **Turquoise.**—This delicate blue stone, found in the clayey earth of Persia, was formerly supposed to possess virtuous properties that, beyond its beauty, rendered it valuable. It was believed to change colour, and become paler or livelier-hued, according to the health of its possessor. It was also believed to prevent enmity, and to make man and wife agree together.

III. ii. p. 86. **The Virgin Tribute.**—To appease the wrath of Neptune, whom Laomedon, King of Troy, had offended, a Trojan maiden was annually given to be devoured by a sea monster sent by the angry god. When the lot fell upon Hesione, Laomedon's daughter, Hercules offered to rescue her, and succeeded in so doing.

III. ii. p. 87. **Livers white as milk.**—The belief prevailed in Shakspeare's time that the colour of the liver and of the blood indicated a greater or lesser degree of courage, according to their comparative paleness or redness.

III. ii. p. 88. **Midas.**—A Phrygian king, who, when desired by Bacchus to choose a gift, begged that he might have the power to turn into gold all that he touched. Thus, the very food that he lifted to his mouth hardened into that metal.

III. ii. p. 96. **Magnificoes.**—A Venetian title, equivalent to noblemen or magnates. They were the men of chief rank and influence in Venice.

III. ii. p. 97. **Ducats.**—The Venetian ducat is said to have been of two kinds, the *ducato di banco*, worth about 4s. 4d., and the *ducato di San Marco*, worth about 2s. 10d. In 1140 a silver coin was issued by Roger II. of Sicily, Duke of Apulia, which bore the inscription R.Dx.AP., i.e., *Rogerus Dux Apulicæ*. In 1284 was issued the first gold ducat, worth about 9s. On one side it had a figure of Christ and the inscription: "*Sit tibi, Christe,*

Notes

distus, quem tu regis, iste Ducatus !" ("To Thee, O Christ, be given this duchy, which alone Thou rulest and sustainest"). This did not originate the name, as some writers have supposed, but only helped to spread it.

III. v. p. 104. **Scylla**.—Scylla, being the rival of Circe in the affections of Glaucus, was transformed into a cluster of rocks, opposite which lay the whirlpool Charybdis. Charybdis was originally a woman who stole the oxen of Hercules, and was punished by Jupiter with this transformation. The nearness of these dangers to each other gave rise to a Latin line which has long since passed into a proverb: "*Incidis in Scyllam cupiens vitare Charybdim*" ("Thou fallest into Scylla, endeavouring to avoid Charybdis").

IV. i. p. 114. **Pythagoras**.—The philosopher of Samos, famous for his doctrine of the transmigration of the soul.

V. i. p. 131. **Troilus**.—The son of Priam, around whom, in connection with Cressida, there grew in the Middle Ages the romance which culminated in Shakspeare's play.

V. i. p. 131. **Thisbe**.—A Babylonian maid, loved by Pyramus. They were obliged to meet in secret, and agreed on a certain day to see each other at Ninus' tomb. Thisbe, arriving first, saw there a lioness devouring an ox. While running away she dropped some of her clothes, which the lioness seized and stained with blood. Pyramus, finding it, supposed Thisbe to have been killed, and killed himself. Thisbe, on finding her lover's dead body, also slew herself. (Ovid.)

V. i. p. 131. **Dido**.—Elissa, surnamed Dido, stabbed herself in preference to marrying again, after having vowed fidelity to her murdered husband, Sichæus. She founded Carthage, and became its Queen.

V. i. p. 131. **Medea**.—The wife of Jason, who by her knowledge of the magical properties of plants, selected those needed for her purpose, and by substituting their juices for the blood of Aeson, her husband's father, restored him to youth.

Notes

V. i. p. 132. **Holy Crosses.**—Wayside shrines are still to be seen by scores in Italy, where (as formerly in England) they are rarely passed without a raised hat, a bent knee, a murmured *paternoster*, or a prayer for whatever lies nearest to the heart of the devotee.

V. i. p. 133. **With his horn, &c.**—The "post," or postman, formerly had a horn slung round his neck, partly as an official badge, partly that he might sound it, on his arrival, to announce the bringing of news.

V. i. p. 134. **Patines.**—A "patine" (Latin, *patina*) is the small flat plate of gold used with the chalice in the administration of the Eucharist.

V. i. p. 133. **The Poet.**—Ovid. In his story of Orpheus and Eurydice, he not only describes the Thessalian musician as charming the "trees, stones, and floods" on the earth, but, when penetrating to the shades below in search of his lost wife, causing those doomed to everlasting labours to suspend them: Tantalus to desist from pursuing the receding stream; Ixion's wheel to cease rolling; the Belides to pause in their fruitless toil of filling leaky vessels; and Sisyphus to refrain from pushing up the ever-mounting, ever-falling stone.

V. i. p. 136. **Endymion.**—A youth famed for his beauty and for continually being asleep. The story runs that as he slept on Latmus, Selene, or the Moon, came down and kissed him, and lay by his side, inflamed by his beauty.

V. i. p. 141. **Argus.**—Argus was supposed to have a hundred eyes, only two of which slept at a time. He was set by Juno to watch the nymph Io, who had been changed into a heifer by Jupiter; but Mercury, after lulling to sleep all the eyes of Argus with the sound of his lyre, slew him. Juno then placed his eyes in the tail of her peacocks, the birds that drew her car and were held sacred to her.

GLOSSARY

Abode: tarrying. II. vi. p. 64.
Abridged: "to be —" *i.e.* 'at being —.' I. i. p. 29.
Address'd: prepared. II. ix. p. 74.
Advice: reflection, consideration. IV. ii. p. 130.
Advised: wary, circumspect. II. i. p. 80.
Advisedly: deliberately. V. i. p. 142.
Albeit: although. II. vi. p. 65.
Approve: prove, justify. III. ii. p. 87.
Attempt: tempt. IV. i. p. 127.
Baned: poisoned. IV. i. p. 110.
Bare: bareheaded. II. ix. p. 75.
Bated: brought down, reduced. III. iii. p. 99.
Beholding: beholden. I. iii. p. 42.
Bid: invite. II. iv. p. 57; II. v. p. 61.
Blent: blended. III. ii. p. 91.
Bottom: hold of a vessel. I. i. p. 25.
Breathing: verbal. V. i. p. 138.
Burial: grave. I. i. p. 24.
Cater-cousins: to be '*cater-cousins*' was to be on good terms together. II. ii. p. 53.
Cerecloth: a cloth saturated with wax and used for enfold-ing embalmed bodies. II. vii. p. 69.
Ceremony: sacred possession. V. i. p. 140.
Charge: expense. IV. i. p. 120.
Cheer: aspect, countenance. III. ii. p. 97.
Choose: leave it alone. I. ii. p. 33.
Circumstance: circumlocution, superfluous words. I. i. p. 80.

Civil doctor: doctor of civil law. V. i. p. 140.
Civility: civilization. II. ii. p. 56.
Close: secret. II. vi. p. 66.
Colt: a foolish, wild young fellow. I. ii. p. 33.
Commodity: commercial transactions. III. iii. p. 99.
Complexion: nature. III. i. p. 79.
Compromised: mutually agreed. I. iii. p. 41.
Conceit: comprehension, idea. III. iv. p. 100.
Confound: destroy. III. ii. p. 96.
Confusions: conclusions, experiments. II. ii. p. 49.
Constant: firm, resolute. III. ii. p. 94.
Contain: hold, keep. V. i. p. 140.
Continent: that which contains anything. III. ii. p. 89.
Contrary: wrong. I. ii. p. 35.
Contrive: conspire. IV. ii. p. 124.
Cope: requite. IV. i. p. 127.
Counterfeit: picture, portrait. III. ii. p. 88.
County: Count. I. ii. p. 33. See Notes.
Cousin: kinsman. III. iv. p. 102.
Crisped: curled. III. ii. p. 88.
Cruelty: misery. III. iv. p. 101.
Danger: power (to do harm). IV. i. p. 116.
Disabling: underestimating II. vii. p. 68. [43.
Doit: the smallest coin. I. iii. p.
Drive: commute. IV. i. p. 125.
Ducat: see Note to III. ii. p. 97.
Dwell: remain, continue. I. iii. p. 44.

Glossary

- Eanlings:** new born lambs. Saxon *eanian*, to bring forth (to lamb). I. iii. p. 41.
- Entertain:** maintain. I. i. p. 27.
- Envious:** full of malice, hate. III. ii. p. 96.
- Ergo:** Latin, therefore. II. ii. p. 50.
- Estate:** resources, health and spirits. III. ii. p. 94.
- Excess:** interest. I. iii. p. 40.
- Excrement:** hair. III. ii. p. 87.
- Fall:** let fall, I. iii. p. 41.
- Fancy:** love. III. ii. p. 86.
- Feared:** frightened. II. i. p. 46.
- Fearful:** fear-compelling. I. iii. p. 45.
- Fell:** fierce, ferocious. IV. i. p. 114.
- Fill-horse:** shaft-horse. II. ii. p. 52.
- Fond:** foolish. II. ix. p. 72; III. iii. p. 98.
- Fool-gudgeon:** the gudgeon was thought a foolish fish and easily caught. I. i. p. 28.
- Fraught:** freighted. II. viii. p. 72.
- Gaberdine:** a large loose cloak. I. iii. p. 42.
- Gaged:** pledged, bound to pay. I. i. p. 29.
- Garnish:** clothing, suit. II. vi. p. 65.
- Gear:** Saxon *gearma*, business-in-hand, matter in question. I. i. p. 26; II. ii. p. 55.
- Gelt:** castrated. V. i. p. 138.
- Gobbo:** Italian for hunchback. II. ii. p. 48.
- Gramercy:** much thanks, French *grand merci*. II. ii. p. 53.
- Gratify:** recompense, reward. IV. i. p. 127.
- Guarded:** trimmed, ornamented. II. ii. p. 54.
- Guiled:** treacherous. III. ii. p. 88.
- Habit:** behaviour. II. ii. p. 56.
- Heaviness:** sadness. II. viii. p. 73.
- Hip:** "on the —," completely in my power; a term in wrestling for an advantage gained. I. iii. p. 89; IV. i. p. 123.
- Hood:** condition, position. II. vi. p. 66.
- Hovel-post:** support of the roof of an outhouse. II. ii. p. 51.
- Humility:** kindness, benevolence. III. i. p. 81.
- Husbandry:** management. III. iv. p. 101.
- Hyrcanian deserts:** a district south of the Caspian, noted for tigers. II. vii. p. 69.
- Impertinent:** Gobbo's blunder for 'pertinent.' II. ii. p. 54.
- Imposition:** injunction. III. iv. p. 101.
- Incarnation:** Launcelot's blunder for 'incarnate.' II. ii. p. 49.
- Infection:** affection. II. ii. p. 53.
- Insculped:** carved, in bas-relief. II. vii. p. 69.
- Intermission:** delay, hesitation. III. ii. p. 92.
- Jacks:** jackanapes. III. iv. p. 103.
- Jump with:** agree with. II. ix. p. 75.
- Kept:** dwelt, associated. III. iii. p. 99.
- Knapped:** to snap, crack, or nibble. III. i. p. 78.
- Level:** aim, guess. I. ii. p. 33.
- Liberal:** free-spoken. II. ii. p. 56.
- Living:** estates. III. ii. p. 90.
- Main flood:** the ocean. IV. i. p. 111.
- Manage:** management. III. iv. p. 101.
- Mere:** absolute, certain. III. ii. p. 95.
- Moe:** more. I. i. p. 28.
- Narrow seas:** English Channel. II. viii. p. 72.
- Naughty:** evil, wicked, corrupt. III. iii. p. 98; V. i. p. 135.
- Neat:** ox. I. i. p. 28.
- Obliged:** pledged. II. vi. p. 64.
- Occasion:** "quarrelling with —," at odds with the matter in question. III. v. p. 106.
- O'er-look'd:** bewitched. III. ii. p. 84.
- Old:** abundant (a colloquialism). IV. ii. p. 130.

Glossary

- Opinion:** reputation. I. i. p. 27.
Ostent: demeanour, appearance. II. ii. p. 56; II. viii. 72.
Pageants: shows. I. i. p. 24.
Passion: outcry. II. viii. p. 71.
Patch: fool, clown. II. v. p. 63.
Paise: weigh down. French *peser*, to weigh. III. ii. p. 85.
Pied: spotted. I. iii. p. 41.
Port: appearance, reputation. I. i. p. 29.
Possessed: informed. I. iii. p. 40.
Posy: motto, inscription. V. i. p. 138.
Preferred: recommended. II. ii. p. 54.
Presently: immediately. I. i. p. 31, &c.
Prest: ready, prompt. I. i. p. 30.
Prevented: anticipated. I. i. p. 26.
Proper: comely, well-proportioned. I. ii. p. 34.
Quaintly: tastefully. II. iv. p. 58.
Question: converse, debate. IV. i. p. 111.
Questionless: unquestionably. I. i. p. 31.
Quit: remit. IV. i. p. 126.
Racked: stretched, tested. I. i. p. 31.
Reasoned: conversed. II. viii. p. 72.
Regreets: salutations. II. ix. p. 77.
Remorse: compassion. IV. i. p. 109.
Repent: regret. IV. i. p. 121.
Reproach: Launcelot's blunder for 'approach.' II. v. p. 61.
Respective: careful, mindful. V. i. p. 138.
Rib: enclose. II. vii. p. 69.
Ripe: urgent. I. iii. p. 40.
Riping: ripening. II. viii. p. 72.
Roads: roadsteads, harbour. I. i. p. 24.
Ruin: refuse, husks, bran. II. ix. p. 75.
Sad: serious. II. ii. p. 56.
Sand-blind: half-blind. II. ii. p. 49.
Scanted: limited, stinted. II. i. p. 46.
Scarfed: decorated. II. vi. p. 64.
Scrubbed: stunted, small. V. i. p. 138.
Set up my rest: made up my mind; a gambling phrase, meaning 'stake all I have.' II. ii. p. 52.
Shrewd: evil, accursed. IV. ii. p. 94.
Shrive me: be my confessor. I. ii. p. 37.
Skipping: trivial, frivolous. II. ii. p. 56.
Slubber: sloven. II. viii. p. 72.
Smug: well dressed, neat. III. i. p. 80.
Sola! an exclamation: Quick! V. i. p. 133.
Sometimes: formerly. I. i. p. 30.
Sonties: saints. II. ii. p. 50.
Sophy: Shah of Persia. II. i. p. 47.
Sort: lottery. I. ii. p. 36; arrange. V. i. p. 137.
Spend: waste. I. i. p. 30.
Squandered: scattered, dispersed. I. iii. p. 38.
Stead: help, support. I. iii. p. 38.
Supposed: false. III. ii. p. 86.
Table: palm of the hand. II. ii. p. 55.
Thrift: profit, gain. I. i. p. 31.
Throstle: missel-thrush. I. ii. p. 34.
Tranect: a ferry. Used only in Shakspeare. III. iv. p. 102.
Tricksy: clever. III. v. p. 107.
Tripolis: Tripoli, one of the Barbary states. I. iii. p. 38.
Trust: credit. I. i. p. 31.
Tucket: flourish on a trumpet: Italian *toccata*. V. i. p. 138.
Undervalued: inferior. I. i. p. 31.
Unfurnished: without a companion. III. ii. p. 89.

Glossary

Usance: usury. I. iii. p. 39.

Use: "in —"; in trust; *i.e.* allowing Shylock the interest during the remainder of his lifetime. IV. i. p. 126.

Yail: to lower, let fall. I. i. p. 24.

Varnish'd: painted. II. v. p. 62.

Via: a way. II. ii. p. 48.

Waved: beckoned. V. i. p. 131.

Wealth: welfare. V. i. p. 142.

Weather: storms. II. ix. p. 75.

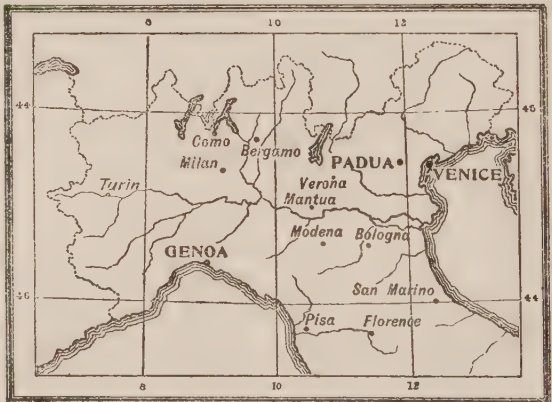
Wit: intelligence. II. i. p. 46.

Wroth: misfortune. II. ix. p. 77.

Younker: youth. II. vi. p. 64.

A MAP

SHOWING THE SCENE OF THE PLAY.



17







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